

THE  
**ECLECTIC REVIEW**

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- Art. I. 1. *Sartor Resartus*. London. 1838.
2. *The French Revolution*. By Thomas Carlyle. In 3 vols. 12mo. 2nd Edition London. 1839.
3. *Chartism*. By T. Carlyle. London 1840.
4. *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*. By T. Carlyle. In 5 vols. 12mo. London. 1840.
5. *On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History* By T. Carlyle. 1841.
6. *Past and Present*. By T. Carlyle. 1843.

MR. CARLYLE is well known to the literary public of Germany as the author of a Life of Schiller, and as the English translator of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*.

SARTOR RESARTUS is a series of papers which appeared in Frazer's Magazine; and the Critical and Miscellaneous Essays are republished from Frazer, the London and Westminster, the Foreign, and the Edinburgh Reviews. In these, as indeed in all the volumes, there is a raciness of thought and language which cannot fail to stimulate attention; and the author is now very generally spoken of here, and still more, we believe, in America, as one of the leading writers of the day.

We shall endeavour to present such a view of the characteristics of Mr. Carlyle's mind, of his opinions, of his apparent aims, and of the style of his compositions, as may serve to shew his true position as an English author, and to aid our readers in forming an idea of the effects which his writings may be expected to produce.

‘Sartor Resartus’ is one of the *oddest* books we have ever seen. It is introduced by a whimsical collection of real or fictitious opinions on the work, which professes to be a ‘Treatise on the Philosophy of Clothes, by Professor Teufelsdröck of Weissnichtwo,’ recommended in a letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke: the said Teufelsdröck being—we almost suspect—a caricature of some old, pedantic German professor whom the author may have in his mind’s eye. The style of the treatise is criticised in a vein of sly and mischievous humour; and the matter of the supposititious work is interspersed with observations of all kinds by the editor, at one time commanding the wisdom and beauty of the professor’s meditations, and at another holding him up to the reader’s scorn. We suppose there is no book about clothes, in any age or language, overlooked; nor any conceivable way of playing with the words relating to human garments that has been forgotten.

Beneath this laborious and intentional absurdity he unfolds one slight aspect of a philosophy growing up in Germany from the days of Kant to those of Schelling—‘*ego philosophy*’—of which little is known in England except among those who have either studied the theories of the German schools, or paid some attention to the numerous translations, abridgments, or expositions of them that have appeared in our language. The radical idea is, that the ‘*ich*,’ ‘*ego*,’ ‘*I*,’ the mind—the self—of every man, in all those operations where pure reason is not at work, receives its notions, modes of thinking, and habits of expression from causes which are exterior to it, as clothing is to the body: that the philosophy of man, piercing through these mere coverings, deals with the essential, naked being; whilst, in general, philosophy regards the universe as the living, visible garment of God: poetry being the insight of the man of genius into the intellectual realities which are concealed beneath the show of things. The ideal is seen *through* the real.

The method here chosen for exhibiting this philosophy is an imaginary autobiography of Herr-Teufelsdröck, detailing the circumstances of his being left in his infancy by a mysterious stranger with a childless couple at Entepfuhl, the history of his childhood, his school education, his university career, his love adventures, his wanderings, his sorrows, and his transitions through the various phases of the German theories; winding up with some roguish discoveries of the hoax which has been played *on* the editor. The effect of society on religion is treated as a chapter on church clothes; and the progress of the human race towards its perfection is singularly descanted on through several chapters, bearing the whimsical, yet not insignificant, titles of Symbols,—Helotage,—the Phoenix,—Old Clothes,—Organic Filaments,—Dandiacal Body,—Tailors.

‘THE FRENCH REVOLUTION’ is published as a history: ‘anything but a history,’ most readers perhaps have said, not only at the beginning, but throughout, and at the end; yet, according to the author’s conceptions of what history should be, it is a *specimen* of history.

It differs from most histories so called, in avoiding the simple, straightforward manner of narrating. Indeed it is altogether a different kind of work. It is the revolution, in its material facts, as strongly imaged by the writer, after reading and meditating on the books in which the facts are recorded. Generally, it is descriptive; as though in the moment of action, the writer was uttering his thoughts and feelings to a spectator. Occasionally it is dramatic: the characters move before one as on a stage; we see their forms and complexions, and become familiar with their tones. Some passages sparkle with the brilliancy of poetry, others are darkened by the clouds of metaphysics; and not a few are as plain and prosy as the vulgarest daily talk: the whole seems to be written on the supposition that the reader is already acquainted with every spot and personage and fact, while allusions in all directions, and images of every class and hue, are scattered with lavish profusion; quotations from Goethe and Novalis, and the Bible—as if equally known, and of equal authority—lie mingled together in a strange and confounding medley: in the midst of all which, the reader is made to turn his thoughts upon himself by most searching apostrophes and earnest exhortations. We should be disposed to call it an epic without verse.

The first volume opens with a description of Louis XV. taken from the  *Abrége Chronologique l’Histoire de France*, by Henault, who accounts for that king’s surname of The Beloved, from the tender interest shewn by all classes in Paris when he lay dangerously ill at Mentz; and this scene is contrasted with the last sickness of that monarch at Versailles—a loathsome tragedy painted with terrible force.

The second book, entitled ‘The Paper Age,’ contains some just reflections on the misery necessarily involved in most of the events which history relates. These are followed by a satire on the philosophers that came into power on the accession of Louis XVI.; by a horrible description of the masses of the French nation; and by a series of sketches, in the author’s peculiar manner, of the financial, social, and literary condition of France, which at length ripened into the revolution. The actors in the revolution pass before us in these pages like the pictures of a magic lantern.

In the seventh book Mr. Carlyle expounds his views of the nature of the revolution he is describing. According to these views, it was the open, violent rebellion and victory of disimpr-

soned anarchy, against corrupt, worn-out authority, decreed by Providence to destroy shams and falsehoods; 'not to be accounted for, but deeply thought upon in silence; lying, not in those outward changes which figure in histories, but 'in the heart and head of every violent speaking, of every violent thinking Frenchman.' He then dwells on the necessity of some constitution for the revolutionised nation, and on the impossibility of such a constitution being made without belief, without time, and without force. On the Constituent Assembly he breathes a scorching blast of sarcasm, while he paints to the life its leading members, and their dull discordant doings. He then describes 'the general overturn' in language which we quote as offering a specimen of his usual manner.

' Of the king's court, for the present, there is almost nothing whatever to be said. Silent, deserted are these halls; royalty languishes forsaken of its war-god and all its hopes, till once the *Oeil de Bœuf* rally again. The sceptre is departed from King Louis; is gone over to the *Salle des Menus*, to the Paris townhall, or one knows not whither. In the July days, while all ears were yet deafened by the crash of the Bastile, and ministers and princes were scattered to the four winds, it seemed as if the very valets had grown heavy of hearing. Besenval, also in flight towards infinite space, but hovering a little at Versailles, was addressing his majesty personally for an order about post-horses; when, lo, 'the valet in waiting places himself familiarly between his majesty and me, stretching out his rascal neck to learn what it was; his majesty, in sudden choler, whirled round, made a clutch at the tongs: I gently prevented him; he grasped my hand in thankfulness, and I noticed tears in his eyes.'

' Poor king, for French kings also are men! Louis XIV. himself once clutched the tongs, and even smote with them; but then it was at Louvois, and Dame Maintenon ran up. The queen sits weeping in her inner apartments, surrounded by weak women: she is at the height of unpopularity; universally regarded as the evil genius of France. Her friends and familiar counsellors have all fled; and fled, surely, on the foolishest errand. The Château Polignac still frowns aloft, on its 'bold and enormous' cubical rock, amid the blooming champaigns, amid the blue girdling mountains of Auvergne: but no duke and duchess Polignac look forth from it; they have fled, they have 'met Necker at Bâle;' they shall not return. That France should see her nobles resist the irresistible, inevitable, with the face of angry men, was unhappy, not unexpected; but with the face and sense of pettish children? This was her peculiarity. They understood nothing. Does not at this hour, a new Polignac, first-born of these two, sit reflective in the Castle of Ham, in an astonishment he will never recover from; the most confused of existing mortals? King Louis has his new ministry: mere popularistic old-president Pompignan; Necker, coming back in triumph; and other such. But what will it avail him? As was said, the sceptre,

all but the wooden gilt sceptre, has departed elsewhither. Volition, determination is not in this man: only innocence, indolence; dependence on all persons but himself, on all circumstances but the circumstances he were lord of. So troublous internally is our Versailles and its work. Beautiful, if seen from afar, resplendent like a sun; seen near at hand, a mere sun's atmosphere, hiding darkness, confused ferment of ruin!

' But over France there goes on the indisputablest ' destruction of formulas; ' transaction of realities that follow therefrom. So many millions of persons, all gyved and nigh strangled with formulas, whose life nevertheless, at least the digestion and hunger of it, was real enough! Heaven has at length sent an abundant harvest; but what profits it the poor man when earth with her formulas interposes? Industry, in these times of insurrection, must needs lie dormant; capital, as usual, not circulating, but stagnating timorously in nooks. The poor man is short of work, is therefore short of money; nay, even had he money, bread is not to be bought for it. Were it plotting of aristocrats, plotting of D'Orleans; were it brigands, preternatural terror, and the clang of Phœbus Apollo's silver bow,—enough, the markets are scarce of grain, plentiful only in tumult. Farmers seem lazy to thrash, being either ' bribed or needing no bribe, with prices ever rising, with perhaps rent itself no longer so pressing. Neither, what is singular, do municipal enactments, ' that along with so many measures of wheat you shall sell so many of rye,' and other the like, much mend the matter. Dragoons, with drawn swords, stand ranked among the corn sacks. Meal mobs abound, growing into mobs of a still darker quality.'—vol. i. pp. 311—313.

Into the history of the Directory, Mr. Carlyle does not enter; but touches it as it were, and ends his work with the following prophecy, extracted from his own strange paper called 'The Diamond Necklace':—

' On the whole, therefore, has it not been fulfilled what was prophesied, *ex-post facto* indeed, by the arch quack Cagliostro, or another? He, as he looked in rapt vision and amazement into these things, thus spake:—Ha! *What is this?* Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and the other five; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that destroyed Original Sin; Earth, Heaven, and thou outer limbo, which men name Hell! Does the EMPIRE OF IMPOSTURE waver? Burst there, in starry sheen updarting, light-rays from out its dark foundations; as it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes, but in death-throes? Yea, light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the heavens,—lo, they *kindle* it; their starry clearness becomes as red hellfire!

IMPOSTURE is burnt up: one red-sea of fire, wild-billowing enwraps the world; with its fire-tongue licks at the very stars. Thrones are hurled into it, and dubois mitres, and prebendal stalls, that dross fatness, and—ha! what see I? all the gigs of creation; all, all! Woe is me! Never since Pharaoh's chariots, in the red-sea of water, was

there wreck of wheel-vehicles like this in the sea of fire. Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they wander in the wind. Higher, higher, yet flames the fire-sea: crackling with new dislocated timber; hissing with leather and prunella. The metal images are molten; the marble images become mortar-lime; the stone mountains sulkily explode. **RESPECTABILITY**, with all her collected gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the earth: not to return save under new **Avatar**. **Imposture**, how it burns, through generations: how it is burnt up, for a time. The world is black ashes which, ah, when will they grow green? The images all run into amorphous Corinthian brass; all dwellings of men destroyed; the very mountains peeled and riven, the valleys black and dead; an empty world! Woe to them that shall be born then! A king, a queen (ah me!) were hurled in; did rustle once; flew aloft, crackling like paper scroll. **Iscariot Egalité** was hurled in; thou grim **De Launay**, with thy grim **Bastile**; whole kindreds and people; five millions of mutually destroying men. For it is the end of the dominion of **IMPOSTURE** (which is darkness and opaque firedamp); and the burning up, with unquenchable fire, of all the gigs that are in the earth.' This prophecy, we say, has it not been fulfilled, is it not fulfilling?

'And so here, O reader, has the time come for us two to part. Toilsome was our journeying together; not without offence; but it is done. To me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disembodied, or not yet embodied spirit of a brother. To thee I was but as a voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred one; doubt not that! Whatsoever once sacred things become hollow jargons, yet while the voice of man speaks with man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacrednesses sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is definable as an incarnated word. Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely: thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell.'

In Mr. Carlyle's other articles, the French revolution is spoken of, especially in the *Miscellaneous Reviews*, entitled, '*Mirabeau*', and '*The Parliamentary History of the French Revolution*.'\*

'**CHARTISM**' is a thin octavo volume of 113 pages, in which Mr. Carlyle embodies such thoughts as have occurred to him on the condition and prospects of the working classes of the English nation. The germs of these thoughts are in sundry passages scattered through the '*French Revolution*'. He urges, with sad and sober earnestness, the importance of this question. He discusses the New Poor Law with wisdom and fairness. The Irish peasantry are described with the severity of truth, and the future effects of their immigration into this country are strongly, and, we fear, accurately set forth. Most of the delu-

\* We hope, ere long, to lay before our readers a view of that great event digested from a large body of works in our own and other languages.

sions and fallacies which abound on these subjects are demolished. The right of every man to justice is maintained; the duty of every man to assert it is enforced; the deep, indestructible desire of every man to have it is vindicated; the determination of some men to have it is illustrated; and the power of believing, *wise* and good men, finally to secure it, is affirmed and proved.

Endeavouring to discriminate the circumstances in which it is true that the best thing government can do for working men is to let them alone, Mr. Carlyle says, that in Europe generally, but especially in England, the time for that is past. He does not believe that the tendencies of modern society are towards democracy, or that democracy can do any good in these nations; but he discerns through all the turbulence of the times a struggle for 'government by the *wisest*.' He prognosticates the disappearance from the earth of 'aristocracies that do *not* govern, and of priesthoods that do *not* teach.' On these things he invites the British reader 'to meditate earnestly.'

Seldom have we read any thing so beautifully eloquent, combining the interest of history with the sagacity of political philosophy, as the chapter headed *New Eras*, in which, under the transparent veil of *another* German professor, Mr. Carlyle follows the development of British energy, and freedom, from the landing of the Saxons to the present age. It is as part of this slow, but irresistible, development that he regards reform, radicalism, chartism, church-rate agitations, justice to Ireland, and so forth, —all natural phenomena working in one direction.

The work of the present day which this earnest writer presses on every man in England is two-fold—universal education and general emigration. His thoughts on public instruction are certainly not unworthy of attention from churchmen, dissenters, and, if we may say so, statesmen; but there is an overlooking of the present elements of English society, and an anticipation of some mysterious advent, which to us is—*moonshine*. His views of emigration connect themselves with the theories and the facts of population, with the cultivation of the wastes and forests of the world, and with the peculiar motives and facilities which England has for sending out her crowded sons to subdue the earth, and cover it with fruits and habitations.

The LECTURES ON HERO-WORSHIP are designed to illustrate the native reverence of mankind for superior power, as that reverence is seen in the Scandinavian mythology, Islamism, poetry, literature, and political revolutions. The same opinions abound in these lectures which have been set forth in Mr. Carlyle's previous writings; and we are struck, almost in every page, with the freshness of his thoughts, and the gleaming splendour of his language. Paganism is regarded by him as a

bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods and absurdities, and this 'mis-worship' is not allowed to be the quackery of priests or the allegory of poets, but it is said to be the wonder with which the wild children of nature gazed on the power that spread its mysteries around them. This is not the whole truth, and, given as the whole, it is false. In the Norse religion he sees the impersonation of the visible workings of nature; in the mythic chaunts of the Iceland Edda, and the sagas, he traces the successions of ancestral beliefs; in the Runes of Odin, and in the divine honours paid to him, as the father of letters and poetry, by the rude men of the north, he admires the ancient reverence of sincerity, valour, and destiny; and in the Skald, which records the exploits of Thor, he hails the deep thought, the manly sincerity, the broad humour, and the fantastic imagination, from which have come many of the tales of our modern nursery, some of the Scottish ballads, and one of the greatest poems in our language—the Hamlet of Shakespeare.

Whoever has visited the Library and Museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, must have been impressed by the power with which the minds of these forgotten northmen are ruling our spirits even in the present day: and such readers can enter heartily with us into Mr. Carlyle's feelings.\*

There is much fascination, and, as it appears to us, some truthfulness, in Mr. Carlyle's delineation of the character of Mahomet; of the country, and natural features of the Arabs, the Italians of the East, and of the religion and the propagation of the Koran; and we are ready to admire the frankness with which he means to say of the prophet 'all the good he justly can.' We give up, with all modern scholars, the *story of the pigeon*. We are sure that there must be a basis of truth for every error that lasts long. We are willing to believe, as far as we can, that Mahomet was in some sort sincere; that taciturn as he was, in his good laugh—his beaming black eyes—his swelling vein in the brow—there was the heartiness of a genuine man; and that his religion was, in many respects, an improvement on the formalities which it destroyed. At the same time we must say that we have read this lecture again and again, and always with increased regret and—Mr. Carlyle would forgive our plainness—disapprobation.

When Mahomet is styled 'a true prophet' the words ought to mean, and their connection shews they do mean that, in his degree, he was *as* true a prophet as Moses or Isaiah. We

\* See a Review of Works on the Northern Antiquities in the present series of the Eclectic, vol. I., Feb. 1837.

cannot think that this is Mr. Carlyle's deliberate belief: he is too enlightened and too sincere a man for that. Indeed when he is speaking, afterwards, of Shakespeare as a *greater* prophet than Mahomet, he candidly acknowledges that 'it is a questionable step for me here, and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charlatan, perversity and simulacrum, no speaker, but a babbler.' Why, we would ask Mr. Carlyle, with all possible respect, why leave uncorrected the *more* than questionable passages about Mahomet's true prophet-dom, and his freedom from cant? We are staggered by the bold declaration that 'Mahomet was not a sensual man.' Has Mr. Carlyle not examined Abulfeda, or has he not read in Sale's translation, the fourth and thirty-fourth *suratōn*, of the Koran? or has he forgotten the difficulties out of which he calls his great master, Goethe, to help him? We believe that Golius, Hottinger, Erpenius, and all the Arabic scholars would dissent from Goethe's notion of *Islam*, which Mr. Carlyle borrows.

Mr. Carlyle says, 'it seems to be the true opinion that Mahomet never could write.' Then, *who* wrote the Koran? Gabriel? Does not Al Bochari tell us that he *did* write certain words at the gate of Mecca? And does not Abulfeda say that in his last sickness he asked for ink and paper that he might write a book?

We are sorry that Mr. Carlyle should be unconscious of the confusion that disfigures his defence, for it *looks like* a vindication of Mahomet's propagation of his religion by the sword. Instead of comparing him to Charlemagne, we should have thought of the divine prophet of the Christian faith, who called his followers, not to fight, but, to deny themselves, and to love their enemies. More than once Mr. Carlyle calls Mahomedanism a 'kind of Christianity.' So slavery may be a kind of liberty, and arsenic a kind of food. A false, sensual, proud, cruel religion 'a *kind* of christianity!'-which christianity Mr. Carlyle *knows* to be true, and pure, and meek, and full of mercy!

Mr. Carlyle's idea of poets and poetry is that which constitutes the charm of the richest literature of Germany. The true poet is a great man, conversing with realities, piercing the sacred mystery, 'the open secret,' of the universe, and dealing earnestly with what he sees. In the degree in which this element is developed in a man, he is counted for a poet. 'Poetry is musical thought expressed in verse.' The types of this class of great men selected for illustration are *Dante* and *Shakespeare*. While he describes *Dante* as embodying musically the religion of the middle ages, and *Shakespeare* as embodying for us the outer life of our Europe as developed

then—its chivalries, courtesies, humours, ambitions—the Italian deep and fierce ; the Englishman wide, placid, and far-seeing ; he holds Shakespeare to be the greater poet, indeed the greatest of intellects, and the highest glory of the English nation.

We have but little space to follow Mr. Carlyle through his sketches of the heroes of the reformation, which teem with graphic descriptions, just sentiments, admirable reflections, and noble principles. But we are bound by our reverence for the highest truth to protest against the ill founded and mischievous opinion which he has taken pains to dress in the most attractive colours,—that ‘idolatry is to be condemned only when it is *insincere*.’ We have not so read those Hebrew prophets to whose genius Mr. Carlyle does graceful homage, and in whose *miraculous* inspiration we will presume to hope that he believes.

The idolatry which they denounce, in the name of the living God, is the bowing down of worshippers to any symbol of any god, nay even of **HIMSELF** ; and greater men than any of those whom Mr. Carlyle beatifies with the apotheosis, went out into the world to turn men from the dumb idols which *he* would have us to leave unmolested.

We cannot but admire Mr. Carlyle’s enlightened though somewhat too patronizing vindication of protestantism, and his honest sympathy with the earnestness and the strength of such men as Luther and Knox. It is natural enough for a writer in his position to look at these men and their labours rather in their intellectual and moral characteristics, than in connection with the religious beliefs which braced the firmness of their endurance, and the spiritual feelings which fired the ardour of their zeal. But he does the *men* justice. He discovers a sharp insight into their function as the lights of their age. He sees, with the eye of a philosopher, the connection of their labours with those of men that went before, and of men who have come after them. His mention of the puritans will be as gratifying to their successors as it is honourable to them, and to him. We hail this as one of the auspicious omens of that better day which is at hand, when these traduced heroes of truth, freedom, and earnest piety will be known and loved as they deserve.

Mr. Carlyle introduces ‘the hero, a man of letters,’ as a new and singular phenomenon, slowly recognised by the world, but teaching that world how to think and what to do.

Without questioning, on the contrary, devoutly believing—the higher and more awful inspiration of prophets and apostles, we would not fail to ascribe all superiority of understanding to the ‘inspiration of the Almighty;’\* nor would we *rashly* charge

\* Job xxxii. 8, יְהוָה נִפְנֵן—breath—breathing of the Almighty.

GEN. ii. 7. JOHN xx. 22.

with pantheism the writers who—though it be in phraseology which we condemn as not only vague but mischievous—are calling on a sensual, mechanical, and formal age to see in every man and in every thing the presence of the unseen God.

Such is Mr. Carlyle's view of the highest rank of literary men. In his estimation the writer is the modern teacher of the people, preaching to all men in all times and places; books are the purest embodiment of that thought which has built cities and cathedrals; libraries are the true universities of these days; and the press in fact, not in figure, is, as Burke expressed it, 'a fourth estate.' With the seriousness of a practical man Mr. Carlyle discusses the standing of the men of letters in our present social condition, and the importance to the whole society of some new arrangement which will secure for them an acknowledged status. He makes the Chinese teach us something in this matter; and from the examples of Prussia and of France he augurs hopes even for England. He might have added Denmark and Russia. The heaviest evil through which he sees the thinking men of the eighteenth century struggling, is not the poverty of writers, nor their obscurity, nor their want of patronage or public organization; but the scepticism and utilitarianism and atheistic insincerity of their times.

Mr. Carlyle's type of the class of men of whom he is now speaking would of course be GOETHE. He considers him a true hero, 'by far the greatest, though one of the quietest of the great things, that have come to pass in these times.' But, finding that the general state of English knowledge about Goethe makes it impossible for him to convey his own impression to others, he leaves him to future times, and passes to earlier though inferior names as better suited to his present purposes; those names are Johnson, Rousseau and Burns. Most Englishmen will smile at Mr. Carlyle's adoration of a man whom the most literary nation in the world has hailed as the greatest genius of the age, and whom most men of other nations who have seen him, or made themselves acquainted with his voluminous and varied works, have been accustomed to regard with a reverence and admiration which, however excessive they may seem, and sometimes extravagantly expressed, are certainly not without some reasonable foundation. For Mr. Carlyle's partiality, it would not, we think, be difficult to account, from the temperament of his intellect, from his literary habits, and from early personal intercourse with the patriarch of Weimar, who is said to have been greatly interested in the young Englishman. It may not perhaps be amiss to inform or to remind our readers that neither all Germans, nor all Englishmen conversant with their literature are such 'Goethianer.' Among the Germans and comparatively among ourselves, there

are large numbers of well-read and thoughtful men who look on this enthusiasm as an evil, chiefly from its tendency to increase that love of the ideal which keeps the Germans from the practical. Of no other literary man has so much been written and spoken. His great distinction was the healthy calmness of his nature, producing a singular completeness and equipoise in his great and highly cultivated mental powers. The later and larger portion of his long life was spent in outward circumstances the most auspicious for his tastes and objects; and it seems to have been devoted almost entirely to the culture of one mind; and that one mind—his own;—the man thus self-disciplined, and self-cultured, appears in all his later writings, where he brings out the highest philosophy of criticism, and the most perfect exemplification of the literary art.

We return from this digression to Mr. Carlyle's literary trio,—men differing most remarkably from each other in all respects save one.

To begin with Johnson. Though there are but slender materials for judging of the formation and progress of his mind, there is no man of whom so much is known in the maturity of his life and reputation. It is not the least remarkable thing about Johnson that one of the silliest of men—and not the least sycophantic of hero-worshippers—became, in the narration of his life, the most welcome of biographers, and that the gossiping of Boswell raises our admiration of Johnson higher than the reading of Johnson's own works. Mr. Carlyle's portrait of Johnson in *this lecture* wants distinctness of outline and fulness of colouring. He touches slightly on his diseased body, his poverty, his high rugged spirit, his reverence for old opinions, his sincerity, his inculcation of practical wisdom, his hatred of cant, his wondrous buckram style, and the 'architectural nobleness of his dictionary,' but he does not *here* attend to the discrepancies of his character, the ethereal and the earthly; the sagacity hoodwinked by credulity; the bigoted denunciation of bigotry; the scrupulosity and formality of his religion; the one-sidedness of his political orthodoxy; his large views and miserably little prejudices; and his natural conversation, contrasted with his turgid writing. His great recommendation, we doubt not, is the brave, true and generous nature which leaves him, after all his foibles and inconsistencies, a truly great man—worthy of the affectionate reverence of Englishmen.

It would not be easy at the first glance to see the classifying principle which associates Johnson with Rousseau. In the presence of the massive Englishman who thought Rousseau '*a fellow that deserved to be hanged*,' the vain and shallow Genevese republican reminds us of a grasshopper teasing a giant with his chirp. Mr. Carlyle himself says most truly, 'he is

not a strong man, a morbid, excitable, spasmodic man,' at best rather intense than strong: 'not a right man.' In fact Rousseau wanted the *foundations* of a great mind. But he is placed here side by side with 'brave old Samuel' because he is *in earnest*. Now of this earnestness of Rousseau we cannot easily persuade ourselves; at any rate it was a very different kind of earnestness from that of Johnson. Johnson's is the earnestness of a manly moralist; Rousseau's the earnestness of a fickle, paradoxical, and grossly immoral charlatan. His story is soon told. After a wayward childhood, a sensual youth, and a disgusting course of meanness, impudence, and childish superstition, he picked up at Paris some habits of business and a smattering of the new philosophy. His first effort as an author was an ingenious attack on the refinements of literature and the embellishments of art. His next production was aimed at the institutions of civilization, and this prepared the way for the 'Social Contract,' a really wonderful specimen of irresistible logic on false premises. He then produces one novel for the purpose of contrasting the country with the town; and another to overturn the existing modes of education. Driven by his anti-social and anti-christian writings from Switzerland, he is brought to England by Hume, with whom he quarrels, and then returns to France to receive the caresses of the Parisians. There he dies—a maniac, and it has been thought—a suicide. We are not insensible to the general brilliancy of Rousseau's writings, or to the strange *shew* of sincerity in his confessions. But the extraordinary popularity which they obtained was owing, as no man knows better than Mr. Carlyle, to the excited state of Europe in general, and especially of France, at the time when they appeared. We profess no difference of opinion with Mr. Carlyle about the effect which, in the circumstances of his age, the writings of this spasmodic man produced; but we should greatly lament it, if the sanction of so eminent an authority were to tempt the young readers of our nation to touch the poison-cup which this delicious dreamer left behind him.

Burns is likened to a 'rock with wells of living softness,' and he is styled 'an original man,' born in a poor Ayrshire hut, the son of a toiling and harassed peasant—himself a hero of the silent order, who, though obscure lived not in vain. The poet was a laughter-loving youth, his mind naturally vigorous and original, 'the most gifted soul of the last century.' Mr. Carlyle compares him to Mirabeau, in his physical robustness and intellectual insight, in his raging passions and tender affections, in his wit, in his merriment, energy, directness and sincerity. His songs and his life are both admired for 'wrestling with the naked truth of things.' Worshipped by the great, he is not inflated. Yet 'he fares like the fire-flies of Sumatra, which

people stick upon spits and illuminate the ways with at night :—‘ Great honour to the fire-flies :—But—’ !

The sketch of CROMWELL\* is, in our judgment, the master-stroke of this curious volume. We pass it by in silent admiration, merely quoting one weighty sentence, ‘ it was not to men’s judgment that he appealed, nor have men judged him very well.’ NAPOLEON does not seem to Mr. Carlyle to be so great a man as Cromwell. He does not think him sincere in the same way. He had no religion but the atheism of the *Encyclopédie*. Nurtured in democracy, but instinct with the love of order, he rose naturally to the head of affairs, and then he was dazzled, blinded, and ruined.

We cannot be expected to give a particular analysis of the Essays which fill the five volumes of Mr. Carlyle’s reprints of his contributions to Reviews. They are all distinguished, as might be supposed, by remarkable ability. If we might hint a fault, it would be that of prolixity. But in his reviews of Jean Paul Richter, of Goethe, and other works requiring a knowledge of German literature, the results of much study are given in a style of soft and silvery melody, which makes one wonder and regret that he should have been tempted to desert it. Mr. Carlyle understood himself, in the lecture on Johnson and Burns, to be addressing persons who had read his reviews of Croker’s edition of Boswell in Frazer’s Magazine, and of Lockhart’s Life of Burns in the Edinburgh Review, both of which are here reprinted : they discover a very high degree of that free glance into the heart of men, which is the peculiar power of biographical criticism. We have compared his review of Johnson with another which is well-known and justly celebrated, and we have felt the gentle discrimination and philosophizing quietude of Carlyle to be even more delightful—though in a different way—than the trenchant criticisms and brilliant antitheses of Macauley.

The paper entitled CHARACTERISTICS, embodies within a comparatively small space the greater part of those opinions which Mr. Carlyle’s writings are intended to illustrate and to spread. We are sorry that we have not room for some charming little poems in the third volume, and for a paper on Luther’s Psalm.

PAST AND PRESENT seems to be the grand ascent of which ‘ Chartism’ was a kind of pilot parachute. It is an attempt to illustrate, after a most quaint fashion, certain general views of National Economy, having a special reference to the *Past* history and *Present* condition and prospects of the British empire,—for example: that England is poor and discontented in the midst of the richest abundance of material wealth ;—that

\* We understand that Mr. Carlyle is about to publish a Life of Cromwell.

the cause of this anomaly is found in our departure from the great laws of universal nature ;—that justice is permanent, and will come out visibly in her retributions ;—that insurrections are *signs* of national disease, which men in high places should study, but which men in low places should understand, gain little and waste much ;—that on the whole the demands of the working classes are substantially just ;—that a return to nature and justice is not yet hopeless ;—that the Corn Laws are indefensible ;—that all quackery is an abomination ;—that every man's misery is his own fault ;—and that every nation's misery is its own fault ;—that we shall all, men and nations, be scourged till we learn that this is undeniable ;—that the aristocracy of talent is very desirable, but hard to find, and harder still to be appreciated ;—and, that reform, like charity, should begin at home.

The basis of this book is JOCELIN'S CHRONICLES, a Latin manuscript, published by the Camden Society. On this Saxon relique various remarks are founded ; and its slender materials are worked up into a series of lively portraiture of monks and monastic, royal, and feudal doings in the twelfth century. These are followed by sundry chapters on the present, all tending to expose the hollowness of modern substitutes for sense, virtue and sound policy. The following may be taken as a fair specimen.

' And now do but contrast this Oliver with my right honourable friend Sir Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Facing-both-ways Viscount Mealy-mouth, Earl of Windlestraw, or what other Cagliostro, Cagliostriño, Cagliostaccio the course of fortune and parliamentary majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity any time during these last sorrowful hundred and fifty years. Windbag, weak in the faith of a God, which he believes only at church on Sundays, if even then ; strong only in the faith that paragraphs and plausibilities bring votes ; that force of public opinion, as he calls it, is the primal necessity of things, and highest God we have :—Windbag, if we will consider him, has a problem set before him which may be ranged in the impossible class. He is a Columbus, minded to sail to the indistinct country of *NOWHERE*, to the indistinct country of *WHITHERWARD*, by the *friendship* of those same waste tumbling Water-Alps and howling waltz of All the winds ; not by conquest of them and in spite of them, but by friendship, when once *they* have made up their mind. He is the most original Columbus I ever saw. Nay, his problem is not an impossible one ; he will infallibly arrive at *that same* country of Nowhere ; *his* indistinct Whitherward will *be a THITHERWARD*. In the ocean abysses and Locker of Davy Jones, there, certainly enough, do he and his ship's company, and all their cargo and navigatings, at last find lodgment. Oliver knew that his America lay there, Westward-ho ;—and it was not entirely by friendship of the Water-Alps, and yeasty insane Froth Oceans, that he

meant to get thither. He sailed according ; had compass-card, and rules of navigation—older and greater than these Froth-Oceans, old as the Eternal God ! Or again, do but think. Windbag in these his probable five years of office has to prosper and get paragraphs : the paragraphs of these five years must be his salvation, or he is a lost man ; redemption no where in the Worlds or in the Times discoverable for him. Oliver too would like his paragraphs ; successes, popularities in these five years are not undesirable to him ; but mark, I say, this Enormous circumstance : *after* these five years are gone and done, comes an eternity for Oliver. Oliver has to appear before the Most High Judge : the utmost flow of Paragraphs, the utmost ebb of them, is now in strictest arithmetic, verily no matter at all ; its exact value *zero* ; an account altogether erased ! Enormous ;—which a man, in these days, hardly fancies with an effort ! Oliver's paragraphs are all done, his battles, division-lists, successes, all summed ; and now in that awful unerring Court of Review, the real question first rises, whether he has succeeded at all ? whether he has not been defeated miserably for evermore ? Let him come with world-wide, Io pæans, these avail him not. Let him come covered over with the world's execrations, gashed with ignominious death-wounds, the gallows-rope about his neck : what avails that ? The word is, Come thou brave and faithful ; the word is, Depart quack and accursed ! O Windbag, my right honourable friend, in very truth I pity thee. I say, these paragraphs, and low or loud votings of thy poor fellow-blockheads of mankind will never guide thee in any enterprise at all. Govern a country on such guidance ? Thou canst not make a pair of shoes, sell a pennyworth of tape, on such. No, thy shoes are vamped up falsely to meet the market ; behold the leather only *seemed* to be tanned ; thy shoes melt under me to rubbishy pulp, and are not veritable mud-defying shoes, but plausible, vendible similitudes of shoes—thou unfortunate and — I ! O my right honourable friend, when the paragraphs flowed in who was like Sir Jabesh ? On the swelling tide he mounted ; higher, higher, triumphant, heaven-high. But the paragraphs again ebbed out, as unwise paragraphs needs must : Sir Jabesh lies stranded, sunk and for ever sinking in ignominious ooze ; the mud-nymphs, and ever-deepening bottomless oblivion, his portion to eternal time. Posterity ! Thou appealest to posterity, thou ? My right honourable friend, what will posterity do for thee ? The voting of posterity, were it continued through centuries in thy favour, will be quite inaudible, extra-forensic, without any effect whatever. Posterity can do simply nothing for a man ; not even seem to do much, if the man be not brainsick. Besides, to tell the truth, the bets are a thousand to one, posterity will not hear of thee, my right honourable friend ! Posterity, I have found, has generally his own Windbags sufficiently trumpeted in all market-places, and no leisure to attend to ours. Posterity, which has made of Norse-Odin a similitude, and of Norman William a brute monster, what will or can it make of English Jabesh ? O Heavens, 'Posterity' ?

'These poor persecuted Scotch Covenanters,' said I to my in-

quiring Frenchman, in such stinted French as stood at command, '*ils s'en appelaient à*'—'*A la Postérité*,' interrupted he, helping me out.—'Ah, Monsieur, non, mille fois non! They appealed to the Eternal God, not to posterity at all!' '*C'était différent.*'—pp. 299—302.

We may now fulfil our promise of presenting what we wish to be a fair view of Mr. Carlyle as an English writer. We are the more disposed to do this, because in such critical notices of him as have come in our way, and in the general tone of alluding to him in some literary an<sup>d</sup> religious circles, we do not think that he is justly appreciated. This is very much his own fault. His style is queer; and its queerness is increased by an apparent straining after eccentricities of expression, which is unworthy alike of his genius, of his attainments in polite literature, and of the delicious proofs he has given of ability to do better. We have not the vanity to think that he who wrote the *Essay on Novalis*, would condescend to read what we have here written, or if he did, that we could do any good by shewing him that our admiration is discouraged by such blemishes as are scattered through these volumes. But, in accounting for the distaste we find towards his writings, we stumble at once on this fact—that these blemishes stare every reader in the face. We are not advocates for a rigid uniformity of the dress in which men clothe their thoughts: for we have been nau-seated a thousand times with the tricking out of common notions and trite images in language borrowed, and in periods imitated, from those masters of composition who always wrote as *they* thought and felt; neither can we sympathise with the Anti-German prejudice, which talks with ignorant flippancy of mysticism and pantheism, and neology, and other bugbears which fright our good English isle from its propriety: for we are of opinion that the philosophers and poets of Germany are worth understanding, and that they will in due time be understood in England;—still we hold that our own idioms are of too much value to be cast away; that there is in them a power for *us* which every writer of our language ought to reverence; and that neither philosophy nor taste allows us to abandon them for grotesque and barbarous novelties. We have outlived the euphuisms of the age of James, and the Gallicisms of a later day. We barely tolerate the unwieldy latinity of Johnson. There is a ripeness in the best parts of our most admired authors which will be felt and relished wherever our language is spoken. All men who have power to instruct and interest the English mind would do well to lay to heart the words of Sir Philip Francis to Burke: 'Once for all I wish you would let me teach you to write English: to me, who

am to read every thing you write, it would be a great comfort, and to you no sort of disparagement. Why will you not allow yourself to be persuaded that polish is essential to preservation?' Mr. Carlyle's sentences are sometimes vague—diffuse—labouring to say something which is *not* said. He is now and then most provokingly heavy and prosy. Very often there is a sneer of contemptuousness: as when he treats us to such elegancies as 'brother blockhead'—'goose'—'ass'—'poor devil'—a class of substantives not much improved by transplantation from the slang of the rabble, and not very particularly adapted to improve either the manners or the dialect of the young gentlemen who can afford to read the not extravagantly cheap merchandize of Mr. Carlyle. The vexatious part of it is that these odious vulgarities intrude on us in company with so much that is chaste, exquisitely polished, and delightful for its originality.—A more serious objection lies against the ambiguity that shrouds some of our author's opinions. We do not say that this is studied. Yet we trace throughout a great part of his compositions a sort of lurking fondness for putting his reader on the wrong scent: there are some clumsy devices of this kind to be placed to the account of those inconsistencies which most men have to answer for, and which make an inconvenient demand on our confidence in this gentleman's exercise of that one virtue which, with much earnestness, he preaches to his brother men—*sincerity*.

We have examined these volumes at separate periods of leisure, with a deep sense of our responsibility as writers who profess to regard human life as intended for nobler work than literature, and who are more concerned for the purity of our national religious belief than for any other interest. We are far from thinking that Mr. Carlyle is what is meant by being a pantheist. We could quote many admirably expressed passages to prove that he is not. Few writers indeed so often *suggest* the recollection of an eternal Creator, a moral ruler of the world. Yet in his quotations, genuine or simulated, from favourite books, and in his unfolding of his idea of the world, there are things which startle healthy minds, and which drive sickly minds off to regions of mist, where neither truth nor happiness, nor virtue, has been ever known to flourish.

We cannot say that we are at all edified by his frequent mode of using Scripture language. We are pained, rather, and sometimes shocked. It may be prejudice: nay, we know it to be prejudice; but are there not prejudices which it is safe to have, and not safe to tamper with? It is no part of our pleasure in reading Mr. Carlyle's writings, that we are sometimes made to feel as though he did not *understand Christianity*, seeing that he takes upon him to say civil things in its favour, as a

most respectable part of a series of enlightenments, all tending to the grand millennium of poetic manhood, forming, along with Paganism, Islamism, and Goethism, the true religion of our world. The levelling of the Hebrew prophets with poets; the confounding of the natural with the super-natural; the more than doubt (as we read) of miracles in the proper meaning of that word, and of inspiration in the distinctive sense attached to it by christians, are not unlikely to excite the suspicions which may be sighed over as contracted, or ridiculed as 'Methodism'; but men who are neither fools, bigots, nor methodists,—nor unfamiliar with the wells at which Mr. Carlyle has been drawing, are prepared to justify these suspicions by clear reasonings and manly sentiments. If Mr. Carlyle does not believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, we are sorry to confess that he is not the first man of genius who has given no sign of having examined the proofs that He did; but if he does believe that fundamental miracle of christianity, we cannot congratulate him on his treatment of our faith: and we are free to say that this particular feature in his publications will do more harm than all the rest can possibly do good. We use no stinted phrases in our praise of much that he has written. We greatly admire his natural originality of thought, his fertile *suggestiveness*, his fine analogies, his pictorial vividness, his conversation-like familiarity, his quiet fun, his hatred of dead formalisms, his love of poetry and learning, his sympathy with man, his exposure of cant and hypocrisy, his fair appreciation of what is good, or great, or beautiful, wherever he can find it; and we are confident of the wisdom and the humanity of his aims; but we cannot look at one or two tendencies of his productions, without perceiving that he has not touched the core of the disease which he exhibits with so much power, and that therefore he is not the physician in whose prescriptions the remedy is to be found. If he would follow out some of the views of *actual* human nature which he has opened, comparing them with the ideal of the gospel; if he would follow out some of the views of christianity which he has glanced at; if he would look more thoughtfully and more *believingly* at the 'high question,' how christianity originated; if he would lay aside essays on miracles for patient study of the *miracles themselves*; if he would devoutly grasp the grand distinctive peculiarities of the new covenant—which lie deeper than the sage of Wilhelm Meister penetrated, and yet are open to the unsophisticated mind of every *genuine* believer; if he would 'clear his mind of cant' on *one side* as well as on the other, we should then hope to hail him as a writer worthy of higher reverence than any of his past works have yet deserved on his behalf.

His dreams admit of generous interpretation; we cheerfully

adopt it ; but until he has written in a vein more congenial with the spirit of revealed truth, we will accord to him, as heartily as he could wish, the title of ' wise man,' or ' poet ; ' but not that of martyr to the true religion, which is to heal our suffering and distracted world.—The effects of Mr. Carlyle's writings, like those of any other man, will be modified by all the other influences which act on the minds of readers : his followers and imitators will be no exception, we fear, to the general rule in such cases :—they will miss his excellencies, and they will exaggerate his faults. It has been our lot to mark this influence in the first, the second, the third, and even yet lower degrees.

We hold it to be no small advantage to have the attacks of such a writer made with so much frequency and force on the *persiflage*—the pretension—the apeing—the hollowness—the hypocrisy—which for a long time has been eating like a canker-worm, the strength and pith of English society. To follow him in this noble and manly path is honourable ; and we will indulge the hope that his writings will increase the number of such followers.

It is no small advantage which we expect to be derived from the study of these writings, by inducing his readers to *think*,—to examine the meaning and the power of English words,—to look into the foundations of institutions,—to meditate on the import of facts around them,—to generalize their views,—to learn wisdom from all ages, and from all nations, —to feel and to act for man at large, and for ages yet to come. There is, of course, some danger, as Mr. Carlyle's favourite German writers have painfully illustrated by their example, of generalizing so far as to confound the practicable with the unattainable, and to merge the supernatural in the natural. For preventing this, we must place some reliance on that attachment to the results of actual experience, and that thorough grounding in fundamental principles and distinctions, which we conceive to be the marked superiority of the English over the German education. But on this we cannot rely without some security that the guides of our English youth will themselves master the peculiarities of those Germanisms which writers like Mr. Carlyle are pouring into our literature, honestly examining them, sifting them, and bringing them to those tests which cannot but be familiar to the disciples of Bacon, Newton, and Butler. We may add, that we hold it to be no light matter that Mr. Carlyle should have done so much, and, on the whole, have done it so well, to bring the English reader into some acquaintance with the teeming and varied literature of our German brothers. We have been greatly struck when conversing with learned Germans in their own country, with their notions of the insular and one-sided literature of Englishmen. It seemed to them that we

are so proud of our political institutions, of our commercial activity,—of our naval energy—of our religious undertakings and of our prodigious wealth, that we look with ignorant contempt on the labours of more quiet, thoughtful, plodding, and highly intellectual men. It is very true that the Germans may be as much swayed by national prejudice in entertaining these views, as we are, in acting so as to call forth their criticisms. However this may be, it is well for us to cultivate their strong and full language, to have some insight into their deep, though changeful philosophy, to take the lights they throw on the sources of the beautiful, and of the good, to feel the music of their thoughts, to catch the inspiration of their genius, and to enrich ourselves from the treasures of their amazing scholarship. For drawing aside part of the veil which difference of language, and of usages, has placed between us and these gifted thinkers, we believe that Mr. Carlyle has done us no small service. It will not be the least part of the service if the ultimate effect should be, as we hope it may, to increase the reciprocal communication between the Germans and ourselves. The most enlightened of that nation are quite as much disposed as the most enlightened of our own to admit that each nation would be improved by a larger and more liberal acquaintance with the other. The writer of this article had some pleasant intercourse, not very long ago, with an accomplished professor, in one of the universities of Denmark, the author of a profound work in the German language, on the *North German History*. That well-informed and amiable gentleman told the writer that, as a literary pensioner employed by the present King of Denmark, he had visited all the countries of western Europe, including, amongst others, Germany and England. It was his conviction that the English schools of learning had over those of Germany this great advantage,—that the English teachers were more generally, and more thoroughly, men who built their instructions on solid and settled principles; though the Germans are, on the whole, he thinks, more constant in their industry, and more independent in their modes of thinking. Agreeing, in the main, with our excellent Danish friend, we are far from being sorry that so able a writer as Mr. Carlyle should have raised his voice in awakening British intellect to the beauty, fertility, and power of German thought. But we are reminded of what we cannot but regard as an infelicitous effect of this German tendency on Mr. Carlyle's own mind; and we are jealous lest the evil, rather than the good, should predominate in the minds of those who may be influenced by his productions. This evil, we apprehend, will show itself in three distinct respects,—in the general mode of thinking,—in the style of language,—and in the manner of treating questions bearing

on religion. We will trespass on our readers by a short illustration or two of each of these particulars.—As to the *general mode of thinking* :—Every nation has a manner of thinking peculiarly its own. The orientals, speaking generally, though they have their specific varieties, are distinguished by the rich symbolism of their gorgeous and lavish imagery ; the Greeks by their harmony, subtlety, and beauty ; the Romans by their simplicity and strength ; the Italians by their artistic sensuousness and dulcet softness ; the Spaniards by their grave and sounding majesty ; the French by their precision in science, their antithesis in eloquence, their vivacity in all things ; the Dutch by their calmness, neatness, and pains-taking ; the English by their shrewdness, solidity, and caution ; the Germans by their depth of speculation, their ever-changing love of system, their self-reliance, and their constant aspiring after an unattainable universality which leads to mysticism. What we have just now in view is, the evil of being smitten with admiration of *some one* of the innumerable German schools, mistaking its meaning, imitating its foibles, and substituting all this for depth, originality, and comprehensiveness. There is, perhaps, not one man in Germany who pretends to understand more than a very small portion of the literature of his own country : for a foreigner, we are not afraid to say, this is simply not possible. Now, much of the German mode of thinking is so unapproachably abstruse, often so grotesque, and always so alien to the habits of the most soundly disciplined and most richly cultivated Englishmen, that we are persuaded, while much is gained, much also is lost by either a superficial, or an excessive, attention to the writings of that book-making people. It appears to us that a conceited show of German literature, and a slavish, yet sometimes unconscious, adoption of faults at which sensible Germans have been laughing for nearly twenty years, is not an improvement in the intellectual habitudes of Englishmen. But in many respects this is the effect which we have seen produced by an over-weening fondness for Mr. Carlyle's admirable writings, both in the United States and in Great Britain. Muddiness is not depth. Mist is not sublimity. Contortion is not inspiration. Convulsion is not energy.—Then, as to style of language ; the natural is of course the best. There is a style which is natural to our language, because it becomes the thoughts and feelings of our people. He who has read Shakspeare, Milton, Taylor, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Swift, Cowper, Paley, Mackintosh, Southey, and Robert Hall, need not be afraid of exhausting the powers of our English, as these writers have exemplified them. For every thought that is noble, for every sentiment that is tender, for every passion that is terrible, for every enquiry that deserves patience,

and for every imagination that demands fire, the English writer may find full utterance, without going beyond the bounds of our own manly and truly national literature. Mr. Carlyle has charmed us often by the telling force and the flowing sweetness of the pure English words which he so well knows how to use. But the blemishes of his style, to which we have before referred, are more likely to catch the fancy of many a glowing reader. He seems to us to think slowly, but to write in haste. It may not be so; yet we can scarcely believe that a large portion of what he has printed has been filed and polished by that 'art of blotting' to which nearly all the works which *live* have owed so much. Nothing would be easier than to imitate this crude and barbarous torturing of our language.—As there is a style natural to our language, there is also a manner of expression suited to the mental character of the individual who speaks or writes it. There are few, perhaps, whose similarity of intellectual constitution would make it natural for them to utter themselves as Mr. Carlyle does, even when he is most unaffected. Still fewer must they be to whom it is natural to express themselves in those cumbrous and jerking passages, by which his writings are disfigured. If there be such—we give them up to their strange nature, only wondering that such extravagance and folly should be natural to any man.—Mr. Carlyle's treatment of questions bearing on religion is anything but uniformly offensive: here, as we think, lies much of the mischief. However firm, conscientious, and practically consistent Mr. Carlyle's own religious views may be,—and we are far from assuming a right to judge, or encouraging a disposition to condemn him, in this respect—one thing is as clear to our apprehension as most things of the kind, namely, that the religious tendency of his writings is not in the same direction with what *we believe to be* the drift of prophets, evangelists, and apostles. This is too sacred a theme for either flattery or reproach. But if the worst influences of German infidelity,—the *cast off* infidelity of England,—do not taint the minds of Mr. Carlyle's readers, our experience has been singularly unfortunate, and our observation, which has been neither idle nor unfriendly, has deceived us in a way for which we are at a loss to account.

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Art. II. *Travels in Southern Abyssinia, through the country of Adal, to the kingdom of Shoa.* By Charles Johnston, M.R.C.S. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: J. Madden and Co.

THESE volumes are the production of an intelligent and observant man, extensively acquainted with society, and well qualified to record his impressions for the instruction and entertainment of others. Their perusal has afforded us much pleasure, and though we have recently been over the same ground with other travellers, our interest in their contents has never flagged. Mr. Johnston held the appointment of surgeon on board the iron-armed steamer, *Phlegethon*, which he relinquished at Calcutta in 1841, for the purpose of prosecuting a long-cherished scheme of returning to England across the African continent. He arrived in Aden on the 24th of December following, with letters from the Indian government to Captain Haines, the political agent at Aden, and also to Captain Harris, the British ambassador, at Shoa. His health at this time was greatly impaired, but he persisted, contrary to the advice of friends, in his favourite scheme, and gladly accepted from Captain Haines the charge of some despatches and stores, which that officer was about to forward to the English mission at Shoa. At Tajourah, whither he proceeded in a small brig of war, the usual delays were experienced from the cupidity and bad faith of the sultaun and his officials. The gains derived from the transport of baggage through their country were sought to be enhanced by every means which half-civilized cunning could devise, whilst the limited authority of the ruler, and the distracted state of the surrounding country greatly increased the difficulties of the enterprize, and afforded a pretext for extortion. No very favourable opinion of the manners and habits of Tajourah will be formed from Mr. Johnston's description of the sultaun:—

‘ He was a man at least sixty years of age; round his closely shaven head was wrapped a dirty white muslin turban, beneath which was a very light Arab skull cap of open wicker-work, made of the mid rib of the palm leaf. Naked to his waist, over the right shoulder, and across his chest, was slung a broad belt of amulets, consisting of numerous packages the size of a small cartouche-box, alternately of red cloth and of leather, each of which contained some written charm against every evil that he feared, or for every desirable good. A common checked cotton *fotah*, or cloth, reaching to the knees, was fastened around his middle by a leathern belt, in which was secured a very handsome sword of silver, and completed his dress. In his hand he held a light spear, that served to support his long spare figure as he walked, or sometimes to chastise a rebellious urchin, or vituperative female of his household, by dropping the heavily iron tipped end not very gently on their heads and

shoulders. But little attention was paid to him by his tribe beyond the simple acknowledgment of him as their chief, and the title was only valuable as a legal excuse for demanding from merchants and strangers some paltry present, which alone constitutes, as far as I could observe, the revenue of the state of Tajourah. Beyond the limits of the town, the authority of the sultaun was disclaimed ; and, in fact, it was very evident that to hold quiet possession of the town, a species of black mail was extorted from him and the inhabitants by the Bedouins of the surrounding country.'—vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

Meeting with greater difficulty than was expected in obtaining transports for the stores, Mr. Johnston was compelled most reluctantly to return to Aden, whence, however, he was again quickly dispatched by a different route, and with less ostentation, to Tajourah. The sight of a brig of war on the former visit had awakened, it would seem, the suspicion of the Tajourans ; at least it was resolved—and the experiment proved successful—to try the effect of a less formidable appearance. Our traveller was now accompanied by Mr. Cruttenden, the assistant political agent, and on his arrival at Tajourah, was entertained with kindness by the acquaintances of the latter. Some rules of courtesy may be learned even from the half-civilized tribes of Africa, for we are told that the 'established etiquette of hospitable politeness leaves to the stranger the first day of arrival, for rest after his journey, and for making him welcome on the part of his entertainers.'

At first, the negotiations for a convoy through the adjacent country appeared likely to prove as fruitless as on the former occasion. Wearyed at length with the delays interposed, Mr. Cruttenden resolved to return to Aden with the stores, which being notified to the Tajourah authorities, produced an immediate and total change in their deportment. Fearing the loss of anticipated gains, they now promised to make speedy arrangements for the departure of the stores. This was effected in the afternoon of the 27th of March :—'I shook hands,' says Mr. Johnston, 'with Mr. Cruttenden, and after sincerely thanking him for the kindness and trouble he had taken in providing everything necessary for my journey, mounted my mule, and went on my way, rejoicing at having at last turned my back upon Tajourah, a town I was most heartily tired of.'

The kafilah, or convoy, was under the joint charge of our traveller and Ohmed Mahomed, or, as he was commonly called, Ebin Izaak. Cassim, one of the chief men of the town, and Ibrahim Shaitan, 'the devil,' a very appropriate name, as Mr. Johnston informs us, agreed to accompany him for three days. He had two servants, Zaido and Allee, the former, a tall, good-natured and cowardly fellow ; the latter both obliging and courageous. Arriving at their first halting place, our traveller

slept in an open part of the savannah, with his saddle for a pillow, Cassim and Ibrahim taking up their position on one side, whilst the two servants lay, the one at his feet and the other at his head, to guard against assassination. The party rose early in the morning, and in the course of their journey, saw abundance of guinea-fowl and of the small antelope, mentioned by Salt. The scenery had its full influence on Mr. Johnston, producing, as he tells us, in the genuine spirit of his present vocation, 'an effect of enjoyment in my mind, that perhaps owed some portion of its charms to the feeling of having at last entered upon the long wished-for life of novel and wild adventure, which, from a boy, I had so ardently desired.' The character of his companions was by no means adapted to insure a sense of personal security. 'By their own showing,' he informs us, 'not one of them that wore a small tuft of hair upon the boss of his shield but had killed and murdered ten or twelve individuals, which, if only understood as two or three, the men surrounding me must have caused the death of at least a score of their fellow beings; and the delight and evident zest with which they spoke of or listened to the several struggles in which they had been engaged, told the fierce and cruel character of these demons in human shape.'

The observation of our traveller was not limited to the character or habits of his own species. With these he was mainly concerned, and his volumes are therefore principally occupied with such details as illustrate the condition and prospects of the human race in Africa. The geologist and the naturalist will however find much to inform and interest them throughout his pages. The appearances of the earth, and the habits of various animals are carefully noted, and the records made are in a simple and lucid style, well fitted to their respective subjects. The following brief account of the sagacity of the sea-gull may be taken as a specimen.

'In the evening, I strolled from the low jungle that here skirts the sea, and in which our camp was made, to the beach, where I amused myself by observing some sea-gulls that exhibited no little sagacity in the manner in which they obtained their food. All along the Bay of Tajourah the small hermit crab abounds, and formed, I should suppose, from what I saw, the principal prey of these birds. It would be a difficult thing to get at this kind of crustacea, with all the means that sea-gulls can command; but instinct has taught them to have recourse to a method of unshelling the crabs that certainly I should not have thought of. Seizing the one they intend to operate upon, they fly up to the height of ten or twelve feet, and letting it drop, it naturally falls on the heaviest, or topside of the shell. Before the little animal can recover itself, the gull has caught it again, and flying up with it the same height as before, he lets it drop a second

time, and so he continues till the repeated falls have fractured the shell, and he gets at the animal without further trouble. It takes ten or twelve of these short flights to accomplish the object, but it never fails; and as the birds are certainly patterns of perseverance in their pursuit, they get, no doubt, a good living in this very singular manner. Besides this instance of their sagacity, I have seen gulls over and over again defeat the attempts of the hawk to pounce upon them, by making a very successful but very unusual flight for them, which was to vie with the hawk himself in the elevation he was obliged to take for the success of his swoop. In such cases they seek not to shun the butcher of their kind, but following him in each gyration he makes, afford him no opportunity of attack, and soon tire him out.'—vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

Notices also occur of the Mirage, of which European travellers find it difficult to form a definite conception. It constitutes one of the peculiarities of African scenery, and frequently inflicts the bitterest disappointment on the exhausted and thirsty spectator. Its effect is accurately described in the following extract.

'Coming from the opposite side, diagonally across to our station, could be now seen the stranger Kafilah, camel after camel, emerging from the mirage in a long extended line. The effect of this natural phenomenon, the mirage, was greater than I expected. The very perfect and natural resemblance it bears to water, the reflection even of the adjoining ridges as perfectly distinct as from the surface of a lake, contributing very much to the illusion. To ascribe to any traveller the originality of the beautiful expression, 'ships of the desert,' as applied to that useful animal the camel, is an injustice to the simple elegance of natural ideas. Not one, but half a dozen of the Bedouins, came to me in succession, and directed my attention to the broad and enlarged figure of the camel with its burden, as it appeared through the medium of the mirage, and all expressed themselves exactly in the same terms, that it was the ship of their country, and any one who has seen the camel in such a situation would have immediately suggested to his mind, a distant vessel sailing end on before a breeze, with all its studding sails set, so exact a resemblance is observed between it and the distorted image of the laden camel.'—ib. pp. 217, 218.

We have already noticed the suspicious character of Mr. Johnston's attendants, and he had not travelled far before the most convincing evidence was afforded of his personal insecurity. His fire-arms were their terror, but even these did not exempt him from attempts at assassination, which were frustrated only by his self-possession and intrepidity. Arriving on one occasion, after a wearisome day's journey, at 'Aleex Shaitan' (the Devil's Water), he soon composed himself to rest under the shade of a stunted mimosa-tree, but was urged by his companions to avail himself of the shelter of a neighbouring cave. What followed must be related in his own words.

'I had no objection to proceed, so gathering myself up with no little difficulty, for I was very tired, we all went to another den of some wild beast, where scattered bones and other traces indicated its recent occupation. Ohmed Mahomed creeping in, for it was much less than the one at Dafarre, remarked that there was but just room for me. As I expected he was going to remain, I pulled off my boots and belt, and laid them with my pistols down at some little distance from me, and should have gone immediately to sleep, had not Ohmed Mahomed, made preparations to depart, and told me, as he got out, that I must not sleep till Zaido came with my rice. This was quite an accidental observation, and so natural, that I only asked him to send Zaido quickly, and took up a position by placing myself at full length across the entrance of the cave, which was not above eight feet wide, so that Moosa and Garahmee, who had been squatting in their usual manner in front, could not conveniently come in.

'Some moments after Ohmed Mahomed left, Garahmee, under pretence of stretching himself, laid down his spear, and turning round walked some little way until he could get a good view of the camp, towards which he looked with an inquisitive gaze, that told me at once I had been betrayed into this place for the purpose of assassination, and felt assured that a struggle for my life was now at hand. My heart beat thick, but I determined not to show the least feeling of mistrust until their game had begun; and placing myself a little more under cover of the roof of the cave, awaited the first signal of attack to seize my pistols, and defend myself as I best might. It may be astonishing to suppose how two men could so far overcome the fear of being instantly killed by my fire-arms; but Garahmee, who was a most cunning man, never dreamt that his son, as he used to call me, suspected in the least his design, so carelessly had I been accustomed to trust myself with him, and had been so deceived by his particularly mild and quiet deportment. His first step, after watching the occupation of the camp, was to endeavour to take Ohmed Mahomed's place in the cave, but this I instantly objected to in a tone so suddenly harsh that he involuntarily started, and sat down again just at my feet, but outside the entrance. All this time Moosa had been sitting about five paces in front. His shield, held before him, concealed his whole body, a black face and bushy head of hair alone appearing above its upper edge; his spear was held perpendicularly, with its butt end placed upon the earth, in the usual manner, when an attack is meditated.

'Garahmee was evidently disconcerted by my refusal to admit him into the cave, and perhaps if I had assumed a greater apparent suspicion, he would have deferred his attempt until a more favourable opportunity: but seeing me seemingly undisturbed, he took his seat at my head, and asked peremptorily for some dollars; 'and Moosa wants some too,' added he, turning and looking with an expression readily understood by the latter worthy, who instantly rose and taking the place just vacated by Garahmee, seconded the motion by holding out his hand for 'nummo' (dollars). In my belt was the

pouch made by Cruttenden for my watch, which I had carried in the vain expectation of making it serviceable in deciding the longitude of my halting places, but perceiving the character of the people, had never brought it out for fear of exciting the cupidity of those around me. Its round form, however, as it lay in the pouch attached to my waist-belt, made an impression as if dollars were there concealed, as I afterwards learnt from Ohmed Mahomed, who assigned this as one reason for the attempt which had been made. Drawing the belt and pouch towards me, in the loops of which were still my pistols, I took one of them into my hand, and throwing myself as far back into the cave as I could, told them that I had no dollars for them till I got to Abasha (Abyssinia), at the same time telling Moosa to go for Ohmed Medina and Ebin Izaak, as I could not talk to them in their language. They were taken rather aback at the strong position I had assumed, and in the decided manner in which I had met the first step to an outrage ; for amongst these people a demand for something always precedes the attack, to enable them to throw their victim, even if he suspect their object, off his guard, in the vain hope that he might be enabled to purchase peace by giving them what they ask for. Neither party, under present circumstances, now knew what farther to do. I, of course, had done sufficient for defence, and they found that they had too suddenly for their purpose, laid themselves open to my suspicion ; but Garahmee, with ready thought, on my telling Moosa a second time to go, volunteered to be the bearer of the message himself, and retiring relieved me of his presence, and himself of the unpleasant feeling which must have arisen in his mind on having been so completely foiled, and seeing, besides, that I was perfectly aware of his intentions.'—ib. pp. 115—119.

The party was subject to frequent interruptions from the hostile demonstrations of the tribes through whose territory they passed. These are in a state of almost perpetual war, by which the cunning and ferocity of their nature are fostered, and a fearful hindrance to their civilization interposed. Despising the arts of peace and neglectful of the most simple modes of husbandry, they subsist on mutual rapine and violence, 'hateful and hating one another.' Whatever other regions may furnish in support of the theories of our poets and would-be philosophers, it is manifest from the concurrent testimony of many travellers, that Africa contains no Arcadian scenes, in which the purity and benevolence of our nature are exhibited to greater advantage, than under the so-called perverting influences of Christianity. It is a melancholy fact that every extension of our knowledge brings with it additional evidence on this point. No matter in what direction our travellers proceed, they cannot advance a step without being challenged by the proofs of human depravity, without meeting with indications of treachery and faithlessness, as subversive of social order as

they are incompatible with the devout recognition of an intelligent first cause. The soil of heathenism is saturated with the blood of its devotees, and would in many cases be left an uninhabited waste, were it not for the conservative elements which are deeply seated in the human breast. A graphic description is given of the mode of warfare adopted by the Dankalli tribes, which though sufficiently disgusting we shall transcribe for the information of our readers. It may be well to enquire whether the tactics of European war are less reprehensible, or, in the judgment of superior beings, more accordant with the obligations and spirit of our religion.

'About four o'clock, a sudden commotion among the Kafilah men, all rushing to spears and shields, and loud shouts of 'Ahkeem! Ahkeem!' awoke me from my siesta. Jumping up from my mat, I seized my fire-arms, and ran towards the place where Ohmed Medina and Ebin Izaak were beckoning me to come. In front, was a crowd of some twelve or fourteen men fighting in the greatest desperation, and so near to us, that the spears that were thrown almost struck the shields of those with whom I was sitting. About thirty yards beyond the combatants, who, in close fight, were yelling, struggling, and falling, another line, consisting chiefly of my Hy Soumaulee escort, sat with their shields before them, in the same quiet spectator-like fashion as ourselves. I must observe, however, that Adam Burrah and Moosa, as soon as they saw me in the line with the Tajourah people, came from the opposite side, and sat close in front of me. Ohmed Medina told me not to fire, or take any part in the business except to take care of myself, as the quarrel was a private one, and that no one would attack us, if we did not commence hostilities. To make more secure against an accident, Ebin Izaak kept his hand on my right arm all the time, to prevent me taking up either of my guns that lay upon the ground on each side of me.

'During the fight I noticed, that occasionally one of the Kafilah men would spring up from his sitting posture, and with a loud shout run towards the combatants. He was invariably answered by one of the Hy Soumaulee opposite, who rushed to meet him; so that in a short time, more than double the number of the original fighters were engaged.

'The contest which was now taking place in my sight was an actual representation, on a small scale, of the mode of fighting practised by the Dankalli tribes. When two hostile bodies of these people meet, it is not usual for the whole to engage, but sitting down in two opposite lines at the distance of sixty or eighty yards from each other, they await the result, produced by the yelling, jumping, and speechifying of their leaders, who for this purpose stand up immediately in front of their men.

'At the intended attack upon our Kafilah at Wadallissan, by the Bursane Bedouins, Garahmee, in addition to his duty of keeping the people squatting upon their heels, evidently recited some martial song, or speech, which at intervals, was responded to with loud yells, and shaking of the spears in the direction of the enemy.

' A few becoming sufficiently excited by these means, they rush from either side into the intervening space. The combat then commences, by each of these singling out his opponent and squatting opposite to him, in their usual attitude, at the distance of a few yards. Balancing their spears in a threatening manner, they spar at each other for several minutes, until one conceives he has a favourable opportunity of launching his spear, when, springing to his feet, he darts it with great force and precision. Seldom, however, any injury is thus produced, for his wary antagonist, with his shield dashes it aside, and then endeavours to break it by jumping and stamping upon it, as it lies upon the ground. He, in his turn, threatens with his weapon, his spearless opponent, who, bounding from side to side, in a stooping posture, endeavours to cover with his shield his whole body, save the head, and thus gives no steady object for the aim of the coming missile. At length, the spear being thrown probably with the same harmless effect, both snatch their knives from their girdle, and rush with great impetuosity upon each other, throwing their shields to the ground to admit of their grappling with their left hands, whilst with the right they strike swift and heavy blows at the neck and into the left side. A few moments decide the murderous conflict, and the loud shout of the victor, as he pushes from his front the heavy corpse of the slain, proclaims his success in the gladiatorial combat.

' During the fight, continual shouts of encouragement, or of derision, are raised by the noncombatants, who are waiting only the stimulus of revenge, on seeing a friend or leader killed, or to be prompted by the desire to assist some wounded companion, when they then rush into the conflict, from their previous couchant position, in the rear. No sooner, however, does any one spring forward for this purpose, than he is met by some brave of the opposite side, who runs to encounter him. Sometimes two or three, or even more, hasten for the same purpose; but corresponding opponents leap forward to engage hand to hand in a succession of duels, with those who shew this anxiety to mingle in the fray. In this manner the excitement spreads, pair after pair enter the ensanguined lists, and new comers continue to lengthen out the contest, until one side exhausts its warriors, and the weak and cowardly of that party alone are sitting in the rear. The victors now joined by their reserve friends rush forward to attack these, and kill whoever resists, while the rest, throwing aside their spears and shields, fly for their lives. Thus terminates a sanguinary affair, for of the number of warriors actually engaged, one half, on the side of the defeated party, must be slain; sometimes, with very little loss on the part of the victors.' —Ib. pp. 275—279.

The habits of the people are in strict accordance with the low state of civilization denoted in this passage. What will our fashionable loungers think of the following description of an African toilette, consequent on the slaughter of a sheep which Mr. Johnston had presented to his companions?

' I was very much amused, when the sheep was slaughtered, by

the contest which took place for the intestines and fat. It was of the usual Adal kind, covered with short hair, entirely white, except the small black head. The tail was large and heavy, consisting principally of a huge deposit of suet overhanging from the rump. Two or three applicants were almost fighting about the possession of this, which I at length settled by dividing between Garahmee and Moosa, who retired with it, borrowing my copper cooking-pot and a large wooden bowl from Zaido, for some purpose or other I could not make out, but which determined me to watch their proceedings to satisfy my curiosity. Having melted the fat over a low fire they soon prepared with camels' dung and dry sticks, they poured the oily liquid into the bowl; Moosa then took his seat upon the ground, sitting between Garahmee's legs, who commenced, with a long skewer-like comb of one prong, to comb out and arrange the rather tangled mass of long stiff curly hair, which was the pride and chiefest care of Moosa. Having tastefully adjusted the ends of the hair, behind and over the ears, in one regular line, and brought it to a level surface all over the head, Garahmee then took a large mouthful of the melted fat from the bowl, and suddenly applying his lips to the surface of the hair, continued to send it in spirits, so as fairly to spread it over every part, and to do it effectually and properly, taking several fresh pulls at the bowl, until he thought a just half was expended, when he got up and exchanged places with Moosa, who did for him the same friendly office. Garahmee, however, was quite bald in front, so all his share of the grease was not only blown over the hair on the back part of his head, but also well rubbed in with the hands. After this operation had been duly performed, the character of their hair was completely changed, and at a distance seemed, Moosa's more especially, as if each had on a skull-cap of frosted silver.'—ib. pp. 142, 143.

In their feasts there is a similar want of all which springs out of the refinement of Europe. On one occasion a camel 'that had been ailing many days' was slaughtered, and the revelry which followed is thus briefly described.

'One party of the revellers who sat near my hut, I observed rolling up strips of the flesh, and stowing them away in their affaleetahs for a feast at the next halting place, as the Dankalli certainly prefer the flesh of animals cooked, excepting the liver and other viscera, which are almost always eaten raw. The same party had also come in for the backbone in their share, and after the fleshy parts had been stript off and preserved for a better opportunity of cooking, the assembled circle very fairly, and with much brotherly love, sent the raw juicy bone round, each one taking a fair chop at it with his heavy dagger, and then making a good strong pull at the almost detached piece with his teeth. In this manner they soon cleared and divided the bone, and each one then possessed himself of a single vertebra to look over, and finish his repast, which did not conclude until every bit of the cartilage had been torn off and eaten.'—ib. p. 214.

Arriving in Shoa our author was bitterly disappointed at the

state in which he found the British mission under Major Harris. He expected to be received with cordiality by the king, and to proceed at once to the residence in Ankobar. Instead of this, however, he was detained a prisoner, and was threatened with personal indignity, and when subsequently he reached the British officer, a dispute ensued for which it is somewhat difficult to account. We confess that so far as our information extends, our sympathy is with Mr. Johnston, at the same time it becomes us in candour to acknowledge that that information is scarcely such as entitles us to pronounce a judgment. That the embassy has not accomplished any object commensurate with the expence which it involved, may be acknowledged without criminating the capacity or prudence of Major, now Sir William Harris, but there are circumstances alleged by our author which, if true, will satisfactorily account for its failure. An attempt appears to have been made to take advantage of the ignorance of the king, and it is no marvel therefore that he should have been led to regard the English with mistrust and dislike. Mr. Johnston alludes to this with sufficient distinctness in the following passage.

' An answer had been sent to me by Capt. Harris the day before by the messenger now in prison, confined by the Wallasmah for having brought a letter for me, after the king had issued orders that all correspondence between the English already in the country and those arriving should be prevented. Mr. Scott was not at all surprised when I informed him of the circumstance, though I certainly considered such a proceeding to be very much at variance with the conditions and stipulations I was given to understand were contained in the commercial treaty. I could not help remarking this, and Mr. Scott then candidly admitted the king did not know the character or purport of the paper he had signed; and had only been made aware of the new responsibilities he had incurred, by a sharply-worded expostulatory letter, written by Mr. Krapf, in accordance to the dictation of Captain Harris, on an occasion subsequently to the signing of the treaty, when despatches and letters coming up from the coast were intercepted and detained for some time by the orders of the king. Singularely enough, this information was corroborated by Ohmed Medina, who told me that my letter from Dinnomalee had not been carried to Captain Harris, but to the king, who wanted to find out whether the English were his friends or not, and was trying my disposition and that of the commander (Captain Harris) by this harsh treatment of me; a kind of experiment, in fact, to see what would be borne by us, and how far he had limited his authority by attaching his signature to the treaty. Any idea of granting public benefit, at the expense of his prerogative was never entertained for a moment, the intentions of the king being limited to shewing personal favour alone, which he is ever ready to concede even now to English travellers, much as he complains of the conduct of the

Mission to Shoa as regards their political misdoings; more especially of the great insult offered to him by the unfortunate letter before alluded to, and which was worded so unguardedly, that the king, on receiving it, might well, considering his great regard for Mr Krapf previously, turn to him and say, in a tone that implied more of sorrow than of anger, 'Did you write that, my father?' — vol. ii. pp. 21—23.

Mr. Johnston represents the religious faith of the Shoans, as involved in considerable obscurity, and shrinks from any attempt to elucidate it. 'I dare not,' he says, 'attempt any elucidation of the faith professed by the negoos and monks of Shoa; they certainly have no universal creed, nor any articles to define what is orthodox belief and what is not. The chief principle of religion with the heads of the church in that country seems to be to think upon the subject exactly as the negoos do; for if they do not, they are very soon considered in the light of heretics.'

The Church Missionary Society, it is well known, have for some time laboured in Abyssinia, and at one period with good prospect of success. This prospect however has been overclouded, and according to our traveller, mainly by the interposition of political agencies. 'Who can help regretting,' he remarks, 'the great mistake of the missionary in calling political aid to his assistance, but he erred solely by his zeal to extend his opportunities of conferring good upon his fellow creatures. He grieves now for influence founded upon respect that is gone for ever; and from my heart I sympathize with him, for the utter prostration of hope that Abyssinia should become the centre of enlightenment for the rest of the unhappy continent of Africa.' It is not indeed to be wondered at that the agents of a society framed and supported by a state church, should readily avail themselves of such assistance. It was accordant with their creed, was in harmony with the constitution of the hierarchy whose name they bore, and might, by minds trained after their fashion, be expected to promote their religious calling. But as in all similar cases, so in this, the most calamitous results followed a departure from the laws of Christ. The interposition of political influence awakened the suspicion of the civil power. The teacher of Christianity lost his distinctive and ennobling character; his hold on the confidence of the people was sacrificed; he became an object of mistrust; and is now a wanderer from the land which once promised a cheering return to his pious labours.

Of Mr. Johnston's religious tenets we know nothing more than the volumes before us supply. From a passage in the first volume, (p. 269), we conclude that they pertain to the unitarian school, in the ultimate prevalence of which as 'the

sect to whom is reserved the glory of reuniting in one faith, the present divided family of man,' he appears to exercise the fullest confidence. In this anticipation we do not of course indulge, as we cannot agree with him in the too favourable view which he takes of Islamism. Differing on this point, which is only incidentally alluded to, we part from him with respect as a sensible and candid writer, in whose company it is pleasant to travel, and from whose pages both amusement and instruction may be derived.

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Art. III. *Geschichte der geistlichen Bildungsanstalten. Mit einem Vorworte, enthaltend: Acht Tage im Seminar von St. Euseb. in Rom.*  
Von Dr. Augustin Theiner. Mainz, 1835.

*Histoire des Institutions d'Education Ecclesiastique.* Par Augustin Theiner, traduit de l'Allemand par Jean Cohen, Bibliothécaire à St. Geneviève. Paris, 1841.

WE have separated this work from others which were named with it in a previous article, that we might by a distinct, and purely biographical, notice of it, obtain a place for some remarkable details, for which there would not have been room, in a mixed article, bearing upon practical objects, and secure a greater variety of interesting matter, relating to the seminaries of Romanism, than would otherwise have been practicable. It is the production of a man whose course has excited no small attention on the continent, especially in Italy and Germany. The younger of two brothers, who under the influence of Thaddæus Dereser, capitular of the cathedral at Breslaw and professor of theology in the university, some time since took a prominent part in the Silesian movement for the restoration of a German national church, in opposition to the ruling ultramontane principles, he became known to the learned world by the publication of his able work on the constrained celibacy of the Roman clergy, 'Die erzwungene Ehelosigkeit der Katholischen Geistlichkeit,' printed in two volumes at Altenburg, in 1828. This work to which, though written almost wholly by himself, the name of his brother, John Anthony, was also prefixed, was not only distinguished for the diligence and care with which the very numerous original sources of information had been investigated, but was, besides, remarkable as the work of a man under twenty-four, who had in early life contended with great privations, being the son of a poor shoemaker, who was able to afford him no assistance in his studies. Through the reputation this work acquired for him, he obtained, in the

following year, the degree of doctor of laws from Halle; on which occasion he published his 'Commentatio de Romanorum pontificum epistolarum decretalium antiquis collectionibus.' Almost immediately after this, assisted by a stipend from the Prussian 'Ministry of Instruction,' he set out on a tour through Germany, England and France; a tour so remarkable in its consequences, as described by himself in the preface to his work now under review, that we must communicate a short account of it to our readers. This preface is dated November, 1833, four years after he had commenced his tour; and is in the form of a letter to a friend, who had written to him in October, 1832, on the state of his religious opinions. Our abstract of it will necessarily extend to several pages, but those who think it out of place in an article on the continental seminaries are at perfect liberty to skip it.

It would appear that he commenced his travels with a mind very ill at ease, dissatisfied with the principles which had placed him in a hostile position to Rome, but equally suspicious of all influence which savoured of the papacy. He speaks, indeed, of the pure intentions which had actuated him; but the whole narrative shows that religion, as a bond of truth riveted upon the conscience, had no part in him. His letter commences with a description of the state of his feelings at Vienna, just as he had begun to experience the vanity of a religious reform, based chiefly upon a material and pseudo-philosophical theology, and had fallen under the influence of a sentimentalism, not the less sickly because arrayed in the garb of religion.

'I preserve a lively recollection of the painful and distressing hours which I passed in Vienna, destitute of faith, yet with an ardent desire to attain it. Notwithstanding the extreme cold and thick snow, for it was the depth of the severe winter of 1829, I never once failed to attend the regular service at St. Stephen's church. I mingled with the pious throng, and *leaning against a pillar*, I listened at a distance to those celestial symphonies, in the sweet hope that their melodious tone would re-establish the troubled harmony of my soul; and often shed tears of regret over my loss of faith, the Christian's most precious treasure. More than once I envied the venerable and devout old man by whose side I stood, as in the vicinity of a refreshing oasis, in order to see if in his tranquil and happy look I could discover the joy and pleasure which the spirit breathes which puts its confidence in God. But I remained too much shut up within myself for such impressions to suffice to reconcile me with myself. I avoided all intercourse with the ministers of our religion by the advice of my own family. Every black gown was an object of suspicion to me. At this time I should have repulsed Fenelon himself as an imposter, if he had come to me to offer his advice. My friends and a portion of my family, dissatisfied with the unexpected impression which the religious life of Austria had

made on my mind, prevailed upon me to abridge my stay in Vienna, and proceed to England (a country, they said, of true religious liberty), postponing for the present my journey into Italy. I was determined, by a remarkable circumstance, to follow their counsel. Two of my best friends in Vienna, men respectable as well for their profound learning as for their position in society and nobleness of character, neglected nothing to dissuade me from going to Rome. They assured me with the utmost seriousness that two Jesuits had introduced themselves into the imperial library, whither I went to work every day, and that having placed themselves opposite to me at the table where I sat, they had secretly taken my portrait to send to Rome. Such a statement, so attested, left me no room to hesitate as to whether I should go, for I did not imagine at that time that the devil would push his infernal stratagems so far.'

It will not surprise our readers that the sentimental simpleton, whose hope thus hovered between the tones of the organ, and the physiognomy of a pious, it may be, but more probably, imbecile old man, was totally unable to appreciate the protestantism of England, or the spirit of English piety. His representation of protestantism is indeed revolting. Protestantism itself would be so, were the representation true. Though quite unworthy on its own account of a place in the abstract we are giving of Dr. Theiner's religious vacillations, we shall insert part of it as a specimen of ecclesiastical portraiture. It is the protestant life of England depicted by a Silesian Romanist ; and, strange to say, a Romanist who had spent some of his best years in investigating the enormities resulting from constrained celibacy in that church. The author has been speaking of religious separation, and forgetful of our Lord's words, ' I came not to send peace, but a sword ;' he imagines that by quoting some of Luther's complaints concerning the sectarianism which followed so closely in the train of the reformation, he has disposed of the whole protestant cause. He then adds :

' If after this we cast a scrutinizing glance at the social degeneracy of the protestant church in England, we are seized with astonishment at the strange aspect it presents. How common it is to see the dear little children of the pastor of souls clambering up the pulpit to the side of their papa (!) and throw down slips of paper to their playfellows (! !) while their father reads tranquilly and undisturbed, his written sermon ; his monotonous delivery being diversified by nothing but a few bizarre and ungraceful gestures, or soporific sighs ! Meanwhile, his worthy spouse, seated on the pulpit stairs (! ! !) is waiting impatiently for the end of his long and wearisome discourse. This ended, the preacher, with his wife and children, passes to a room which they call the vestry, where they begin, like a tribe of shopkeepers, discussing with the parishioners the fees to be exacted for ecclesiastical service (!) The wife attempts to soften the hearts of the faithful, by representing to them the destitute state of her household (!!)

which is but too well attested by the miserable plight of her children's clothing (!!!) Can scenes like this be witnessed without groaning over the condition of a church which drags out a miserable existence in the mire of worldliness, and is so completely embedded in it?

We think not. But are such scenes real or fictitious? If real and frequent, they show that our protestantism is in a very deplorable condition. If, on the contrary, they are mere fictions, we must leave our readers to decide whether they are the caricatures of a spiritual humourist, or the retailed slanders current in the circle with which our author was intimate while in England. We fear we cannot class Theiner with Pascal, or ascribe to his sketches the vivacity and truth which adorn the 'Provinciales.' Like Pugin, he has all the low coarseness of the Dutch school without its truth to nature, its profligacy without its power, and must therefore take his place with 'Bishop' Lavington or the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*. Happily he has employed his pencil on his own religious history, and given protestanism an overwhelming revenge.

From England our author passed over to Belgium, but discovering there, 'in all its nakedness, the republican and sanguinary genius of Calvinism,' he proceeded to France in the hope that the church of Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Fléchier, and Massillon, would offer a medicine for the healing of his religious faith. As he says, 'the time selected for this visit did not seem to be the most favourable for his object. He arrived just before the revolution of July, 1830, broke out.' But it was just this solemn epoch of trial and crisis which at length revealed to him, 'with the aid of heaven, the mystery of the true position of the catholic church in the history of the world.' He must, he says, avow 'that it was in France, and above all at Paris, that he began to learn true politics and true religion.' We suppose we must regard it as an avowal when he says, 'it was not from religion itself that I derived my religion, but I realised it and formed it within me by the study of the political events which passed under my eyes.' It is impossible, however, to follow the author through all the details of his progress. Here and there a good thought occurs, a good principle is maintained, but, oh! how miserably misapplied. The living faith of the Gallican church is proved by the throngs of dying persons who, during the raging of the cholera, pressed into the receiving houses opened under the direction of the clergy; by (what we must admit to be a favourable symptom, as far as it goes,) the paternal intercourse which subsists between the superior and inferior clergy, and (credat *Judeus*) by the holy veneration entertained for the pope!

‘ I have more than once had the opportunity of assuring myself of it by the most touching proofs. I have seen with profound veneration the tender care with which the bishops preserve the letters of encouragement which they had received from Pius VI. and Pius VII. in the course of the first revolution. They related to me, with a joy and satisfaction which was diffused over each of their countenances, that they had not parted with these letters for an instant during their emigration ; that they had taken them with them every where ; that they had served for their consolation and support in the time of their trials, when, far from their dear country, deprived of all means of subsistence, and without other shelter than the vault of heaven, they announced the word of the Lord on the banks of the Mississippi, and were obliged sometimes to abandon their apostolic functions to obtain a little bread by giving lessons in language. In the midst of these privations they would have renounced life itself rather than have lost these briefs of the pope, which they have brought back with them to their own country, where they keep them still as a holy palladium. They are even now unable ever to look at them without shedding tears, so much of these beautiful and lofty recollections does the mere sight of these writings recal ! What inexpressible consolation I derived from their affectionate and heavenly discourses ! I was often profoundly moved, and one day I could not refrain from replying to a bishop, who was complaining of the irreligion which then menaced France afresh. ‘ It is not possible that Providence can abandon a country which numbers among her bishops so many worthy and holy men, every one of whom deserves to be called the successor of Fenelon.’

We presume that these fair speeches were made towards the close of Dr. Theiner’s residence in France, for he afterwards tells us that the terrible scenes of the cholera, which struck such a general terror into the consciences of the gay Parisians, and brought back so many unbelievers within the pale of the church, were insufficient to shake him. ‘ I had even determined,’ says he, ‘ in case I fell a victim to the epidemic, to present myself at the gates of eternity without being reconciled to the church, and, consequently, without being reconciled to God.’ Attacked at length with the evident symptoms of the malady, with death in near view, his mind still preserved its tranquillity ; but he was restored by medicine.

Among the persons with whom Theiner became intimate in France was the celebrated Abbé de Lamennais, so celebrated once for his efforts to exalt the papacy, but since for his political writings. How great a change has this singular man experienced in the favour of the Roman church ! A few years ago, it is said, the only pictures which adorned the closet of the pope, were one of the Virgin, and another of him : since then his ‘ paroles d’un croyant ’ have procured him the distinction of two Bulls of condemnation. Neither the personal kindness of

De Lamennais, however, by whose invitation Theiner spent eight months in the college of Juilly, near Meaux, nor the edifying example of his great piety, were sufficient to induce our author to open his heart to him. ‘False theories,’ said he, ‘and, in this instance truly, had been my ruin, and it was not by theories equally false that I was to be recovered to the truth.’

At length, driven hither and thither in the sea of doubt, he resolved to peruse without prejudice the master-pieces of the catholic literature of France, that he might, if possible, recover his long lost tranquillity, and renew his former attachment to the holy Roman church. He immediately expended all his means in the purchase of the complete works of Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue and Massillon: and shut himself up to read them. Bourdaloue and Fenelon, especially the latter, were scarcely ever out of his hand. Even when he took his evening walks on the Mount Calvary he carried some volumes with him, that he might lose no time. With the ‘Lettres Spirituelles’ of Fénélon, which made a particular impression on his mind, he began and ended every day. A protestant in his circumstances would have gone to the Bible, but this avowed enemy of the right of private judgment must neglect those inspired records to which the divine Spirit of God himself imparted a miraculous unity of doctrine, to be guided by the private writings and mould his views according to the private opinions of merely human teachers.

Dr. Theiner’s theological studies soon had the desired effect of reconciling him to the principal doctrines of the Roman church, though he was still harassed by doubts if the Roman clergy were themselves convinced of the truth of their religion. He could with difficulty persuade himself that even Fénélon and Bossuet were believers. Another difficulty also embarrassed him, which we must state in his own terms. ‘They,’ Dr. Theiner is speaking of Fénélon and Bossuet, ‘had unfolded the most difficult dogmas of the church with such admirable and marvellous clearness, as to make them evident to the least observant eye; but *for the same reason they had left nothing for faith to do. Things appeared to me too clear to be denied, but also too clear to be believed.* How frightful is this state of the soul!’ True: but also how absurd and ignorant. Yet, incredible as it may appear, it is the all but universal sentiment upon the subject in the Roman church, that faith and reason are inconsistent with each other, and that the more luminous the conviction, the more deadly the snare. The case is well known of the Romanist who when pressed by a protestant with the absurdity and physical impossibility of transubstantiation as fixed by the council of Trent, replied: ‘it is for that very reason that I do believe it, because it is impossible.’

These difficulties, however, disappeared, and from this time our author's 'progress in the knowledge of the true doctrines of the church' was rapid. The real presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, and consequently, the exposition of the sacrament of the altar, which till then had so alarmed his conscience, came out in incontestable evidence.' The perusal of 1 Cor. xi. 23 was enough, more convincing than all the volumes which have been written on the subject. In that passage, the '*signifies*' of the reformed, and the '*becomes*' of the Lutherans 'are refuted with absolute clearness.' Our author's disquisitions and extracts on this point, extending to several pages, are followed by another outbreak of religious emotion, the ardour of which would not challenge sympathy in vain, were it not the result of a treasonable surrender of the claims of reason, and a violation of its gravest responsibilities.

At this stage of his conversion our author opened a communication with the friend to whom the narration which we are now reviewing was subsequently addressed; his chief object was, he says, to open a spiritual correspondence with this distinguished German Romanist; his ostensible object, to request that he would superintend the printing of his work on the 'pretended decree of Ivo,' which he had written at Paris during the two mournful months that the cholera was raging there. His other movement towards a reconciliation with his mother church he shall himself explain.

'I went oftener to church, and had the happiness of acquiring the consolatory conviction of the usefulness of prayers offered for third persons, a custom which I had so often spoken of in terms of contempt, and had till then regarded as profitable only to the priests. I often entered the churches of Paris, with the firm intention of giving a few *sous* to the poor, that they might *pray for a certain person, whom I did not name*, but who was myself. *I always took pains to select for this object those who appeared to me the most deserving persons.* Sometimes I obtained information respecting them; but it was not without difficulty that I made my selection. Occasionally I walked about the church more than half an hour, before I could address these persons privately. *I should sooner have committed a robbery than have given any thing to any one, in presence of a third party, that he might pray for me.* I never exercised this charity without most seriously recommending them to pray aright. *And when I received the answer so eminently French: 'Do not trouble yourself on that head, sir, [Ne vous embarrassez pas de cela, Monsieur,] I was filled with inexpressible delight, and felt as it were new born.\* More than once I was compelled to*

\* *Et comme régénéré.* In this and some other parts of the narrative we are obliged to translate from the French edition, not having the original at hand. On this account some phrases may not be so near the German as they would otherwise have been: but the circumstance has made us the more careful to avoid exaggeration or verbal alteration. The

*leave the church by the first door I could reach, to get the liberty to indulge the full excess of my joy.'*

Alas for poor human nature! What astonishing self-delusion and simplicity are here! The preference of theft, to doing openly what was done secretly, is perhaps an ethical parallel to the preference of drunkenness to dissent. But there is a vast deal of unsuspected humour in the scene with the beggar. The confiding seriousness of the German, and the easy sense of honour of the Parisian, are worthy of the pencil of Leach or Cruikshank.

It is unnecessary to follow Dr. Theiner through the details of his residence at Orleans. Suffice it to say, that he had frequent interviews with the bishop, Mgr. de Beauregard, in which the most expressive flatteries were intermingled with more serious discourse. Hints of both are recorded by our author, with this difference, that the flatteries are given verbatim, but the discussions are just named *en passant*. Our author's impressions, however, seem to have been very violent. It was during his residence in this city, we suppose, (for it is not mentioned in his narrative,) that Dr. Theiner wrote his 'St. Aignan, ou le Siege d'Orleans par Attila,' which was published at Paris in 1832. It was also his wish to enter the seminary at Orleans to prepare for the sacred office, but whether the prelate considered his conversion too doubtful, or his scientific acquirements too advanced, or whatever the cause might be, he refused his sanction, and advised Dr. Theiner to go to Rome. Theiner admits that he was by this time convinced of the duty of auricular confession, but that he forbore to practice it, fearing the too great severity of the French confessional, which might turn this recommendation into an 'absolute order.' He assures us that at this time he would rather have gone to Siberia, and that he was piously persuaded, that if he set foot within the city, he was doomed to perpetual imprisonment in the castle of St. Angelo, with no other shelter than the open sky, and bread and water for his food.

At length, however, but still without having, as he terms it, 'rectified his spiritual position,' he resolves to go to Rome. 'During this time,' says he, 'I had the liveliest desire to feel myself purified before I set my foot within the city of the prince of the apostles.' If the way in which he manifested this lively desire was not surpassingly strange, we know not what is strange.

'Arrived at Marseilles, where I remained during four weeks, before account may therefore be relied on as substantially faithful. We might, for instance, have translated the above 'and as it were regenerated,' but consider the less doctrinal the safer version.'

I could decide on continuing my route, I experienced the *irresistible necessity* of reconciliation. A few days before my departure, intelligence was brought in, (happily contradicted afterwards) that the steam-boat had been lost, with all on board, in the Rhone; and this circumstance contributed not a little to fix my irresolution. Meanwhile, [sic] I know not whether it was from unbelief, or through the *presentiment of the great happiness my soul was to enjoy at Rome*, I took the bold and antichristian resolution of confiding myself to the waves, without having reconciled myself with heaven. [The first time we ever read of an irresistible conviction being surmounted by circumstances, of all others, most calculated to confirm it] I encouraged myself with the thought, that the same hand, which, by such marvellous ways, had conducted me within the narrow confines of a ship, would certainly open to me the way to the bark of St. Peter, the entrance of which is so easy and so majestic. The only preparation which I made was, to go on the eve of my departure to our Lady of the Guard [Notre Dame de la Garde], a place of pilgrimage at a short distance from the city, on a high and steep mountain, whence there is a view of the wide sea. There I addressed my prayer to the august Star of the mariners, that she would deign to extend even to me the protection she had so often granted to ships in danger. I also charged my tailor at Marseilles, (a person whose acquaintance I had made at the college of Juilly) to send word to my family, in case I should perish on the voyage; for I dared not announce my voyage myself, as the intelligence would have caused more emotion than that of my death.'

We shall offer no remarks upon what Dr. Theiner calls the 'antichristian resolution' of tempting providence by braving the terrors of the ocean under what every Romanist must consider the ban of the church and of God. It is enough to say, that there is nothing in this part of the narrative which causes us particular astonishment, as compared with the rest. Reason was from the first thrown overboard, and a sickly sentimentalism or capricious confidence has usurped the name of faith.

Arrived at Rome, our author called at one house after another; yet, though cordially received, made no second visit to any; but, after a few days, returned to the late companions of his voyage, intending with them to run over the ruins, and other local curiosities of Rome; '*spend a few days in delicious dreams*, and then to leave the city, perhaps for ever,' after having got '*some scenes for a philosophico-politico-religious romance, to be entitled, 'The Devil on his Travels,' the composition of which,*' says he, '*was at this period one of my favourite thoughts.* This was intended to describe the new direction of my mind, and reimburse me for the expenses of my stay in Rome.' Precious object for a man who had his peace to make with God! Happy sequel to the study of Fenelon and Bourdaloue, the joys he had

derived from the intercession of the poor, and his prayers to the Virgin at Marseilles!

This, however, was prevented by some seemingly trivial circumstances, among which was his hearing of Father Kohlmann, a German Jesuit, resident in Rome. Induced to visit this person, the interview was, as usual with Theiner, all confidence and rapture; and he at length determined to go through the exercises of St. Ignatius de Loyola, which are held every year before passion week, in the seminary of St. Eusebius. They continue eight days, exclusive of the days on which they commence and close. Before entering, however, Theiner had recourse 'to all imaginable pretexts for refusing the office,' and admits that, 'inclined by curiosity rather than any other sentiment, he wished to study at home, those Jesuits' of whom he had heard so much. 'I hoped at least,' says he, 'if I returned safe and sound, that my visit would *supply the matter of an interesting article for some periodical.*' [We dare say it has for several.] 'At the same time I charged a friend, to whom I pretended that I was about to take a journey into the country, to inquire carefully after me, of a person, whom I mentioned to him, in case I should not have re-appeared after twelve days.'

The exercises commence. Theiner is delighted with the chapel, 'Which was small, but decorated with taste. Its gothic colour augmented the effect of the edifying words of the pious preacher, and excited and cherished a spirit of devotion in the hearts of all present. At the further end was a modest pulpit; before it was elevated the image of the crucified Jesus, on a pedestal artistically dressed with green drapery. It was a sight which attracted and comforted my soul, when, at times, it wandered from the mouth of the preacher to repose on the mount of the divine victim, and derive thence the courage which might be necessary to follow his example.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'From the fourth day of the exercises I found myself in a situation, which it would be impossible for me to describe. I was completely crazed. My old passions once more resumed the combat, and the flame burst out afresh; but I sustained this last assault with intrepidity, and victory crowned my perseverance.'

On the tenth day he was seized with a violent head-ache, which, suspecting that it arose from cold, (for it was the end of March) he attempted to remove by wrapping his mantle round his head; it yielded, however, to no remedy of this kind, but ceased the moment that he saw his confessor, the father Kohlmann. Dr. Theiner thinks that this may provoke a smile. It is certainly not the only smile which his narrative has provoked.

At the close of the exercises his reconciliation was accom-

plished. Amidst the tears of confession, he states his entire conviction of all the dogmas of catholicism, and on the following day is absolved, having been previously bound over to relieve himself in the usual way of the excommunication which he had incurred. This was on the Wednesday of the holy week, April 3, 1833. A short time after, the pope admitted him to a private audience, on which occasion he tells, that he fell at the holy father's feet, and made his repentant confessions in thirty lines or more of Fenelon.

We should not have thought it in any way worth while to enter so minutely into Dr. Theiner's case, but for the celebrity of the man, and his former close connexion with the ecclesiastical movements in Silesia, which remain unpeased.\* The varied learning of the author, and his historical diligence and celebrity, have given an éclat to his conversion, which has caused the narrative we have analysed to be circulated in several of the languages of modern Europe. How feeble a thing it is, how worthless the conversion it describes, has been already seen. But it is surely worth while to dissect, however weak and worthless in itself, an account at once so vaunted and so characteristic of its class. Beginning with infidelity, and a political system which would make the church of Christ the

\* While this article is in hand, we have just seen in the 'Times' (Jan. 2, 1845) the following notice, taken from the German papers, of the present state of things in Silesia:—

‘DISSENT FROM THE ROMAN CHURCH IN GERMANY.

‘The Roman-catholic priest, John Ronge, in Upper Silesia, excommunicated for having written his celebrated letter to the Bishop of Treves, in which he denounces the late exhibition of the holy garment, has addressed a pamphlet to the lower orders of the Roman clergy, calling upon them to unite their exertions with his in the pulpit and in the confessional chair, against the Ultramontanists and the Bishop of Rome, in order to found, by council and synod, a National German Catholic Church, independent of Roman darkness. He wants to abolish auricular confession, the celebration of mass in Latin, the making of proselytes by money, the stultification of the lower clergy by the commands of the higher hierarchy, and at the same time he asks for liberty to think and to investigate for every clergyman, and permission to marry for all priests. The police have seized the pamphlet.

The priest Czerski, who stands at the head of a small German catholic community in Schneidemuhl, in Prussia, distributes the holy supper in both forms, without auricular confession, and reads the mass according to the recognized Roman rule, but in German, and omitting what refers to the saints, and their intercession.

‘In Bromberg, the excitement in favour of the new German Catholic Church is very great; and from Königsberg, an address has been sent to Czerski, signed by forty-three of the most influential men in East and West Prussia, including several professors of the university, the chaplain of the garrison, teachers and directors of schools, and several members of the upper law courts.’—*German Papers.*

creature and tool of human expediency, he has exchanged it for a mysticism which dissociates faith from reason, for a religion in which sentimentalism takes the place of conscience, and abjectness of veneration ; and for a morality which can trifle with the holiest objects, and stoop to the meanest subterfuges.

The work before us is more worthy of its author than its title. We admit that it is not wholly without merit ; for, though partial in his investigations, the writer has shewn great diligence in examining the bulls and letters of the popes, and the minutes of councils, for matter relating to his subject ; and the representation is not unfrequently, especially in the second part, and the commencement of the third, methodical, clear, and attractive. But the omissions are numerous, and unfortunately, not merely accidental. The spirit of the partisan is as much revealed by what he has suppressed as by what he has recorded. And when he draws near to the end of his work, he dispenses with all moderation and restraint ; and descends, from even the outward dignity of the historian, to the truculent vituperation of the renegade.

The first part professes to describe the seminaries of the catholic church from the earliest period to the era of Charlemagne. Having disposed, in half a page, of the catechetical school of Alexandria, so admirably described in Dr. Guerike's extensive and really learned work,\* the author glances in the most superficial manner at those of Emessa and Nisibis, Augustine's seminary at Hippo, those of Fulgentius at Ruspa in Sardinia and Faustus and Rufinianus in Sicily, and the various conventional establishments (for such, in fact, they were, the seminarists having all things in common, and usually giving what wealth they possessed to the seminary or the poor), which provided for the spiritual training of the clergy. The few hints relating to England will be found, with much additional matter, in Bede and Usher. As a consistent Romanist, he takes no account of the existence of Christianity in England previous to Augustine's coming, and says, that 'he and his companions transplanted into this country, still sunk in the profoundest intellectual and social barbarism, the high and flourishing culture of Latium ; and gave the church of England the seal of perfection which distinguished that of Rome, of which it must be regarded as the daughter.' We notice, however, a fact given on the authority of Gregory of Tours, which, if true, is both curious and interesting. Speaking of the high degree of learning to which the clergy of France had arrived in the sixth century, he says :— 'When the king Gontran made his solemn entry into Orleans in the year 540, a number of young people who were pursuing their

\* *De Schola Catechetica Alexandrina.* Halæ Sax. 1828.

studies under the bishop, harangued him in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac, and placed in his hands some poems composed in his honour in those languages.' The historical notices in this part are continually interrupted by passages in praise of monachism, and disquisitions on the tendency of the monastic spirit to promote the education of the clergy.

In the second part of his history Dr. Theiner describes the ecclesiastical seminaries which existed between the age of Charlemagne and the Council of Trent. This part is written with more order and distinctness than the former, contains some passages of interest, and—excepting towards the close—has much less of disquisition and digression. We shall quote some passages from it, partly on account of the novel information they convey, and partly that our readers may feel assured that we would not purposely withhold from them any matter which might induce them to a more favourable judgment on the work than that we have expressed. Our first extract is intended to convey an idea of the form and character of ecclesiastical education in the ninth century:—

' The conventional schools had thus, as it appears, the character of seminaries for secular ecclesiastics. It was thought that by frequenting them, the gravity requisite in those who would serve at the altar would be best acquired. Thus Hincmar, the illustrious archbishop of Rheims, informs us that he had been reared, from the tenderest infancy, in the convent of St. Denis; that he had there received the ecclesiastical habits (*habitum canonicum*); that he had there been ordained priest; and that he had left the convent to attend the court of Louis the Debonair.

' By erecting the academy of Osnaburg, Charlemagne founded, in the year 804, a high school for the clergy. Special provision was made for teaching the Greek and Latin languages, which the clergy were required to learn. . . .

' The fathers of the third council of Tours, in the year 813, decided that those who wished to receive the sacrament of Orders, should prepare for it by a longer or shorter residence in the episcopal palace, in order to learn there how to fulfil the duties of their profession; and that opportunity might be had of examining their manners and habits, to ascertain if they were worthy to be admitted into the priesthood. We hereby ascertain the exact form of the higher seminaries. Moreover, the decree of this council is merely an extract from the twenty-third canon of the fourth council of Toledo. On the other hand, we learn that the celebrated Theodulphus, bishop of Orleans, in a capitular addressed to the priests of his diocese, ordered that the incumbents of parishes, when they attended the assemblies of the clergy, which, in conformity with the ancient practice of the church, were held regularly every spring and autumn, should take with them two or three of the young clerics who assisted them in the ceremonial of divine worship, in order that a judgment

might be formed of the progress which they had made in the knowledge necessary to their profession. These young people studied, doubtless, in lesser seminaries of some kind, which were established, either in villages or small towns, and placed under the superintendence of pastors of reputation and experience. From the manner in which Theodulphus speaks of these pupils, it is evident that they lived in common in the house of the parish clergyman. From these seminaries they were transferred to the upper one, which was usually established in the episcopal palace. Both the one and the other were, therefore, subject to the superior inspection of the bishop. The fathers of the council of Châlons-sur-Saône, in 813, ordered the bishops to follow the laws prescribed by Charlemagne respecting the institutions for clerical education, and to watch over their execution, in order that worthy ministers of the Lord might come forth from them, of whom it might be said, that they were the salt of the earth, and who should be so versed in the sciences, that they might contend, if need were, not only against heretics, but against antichrist himself.'

Omitting a few pages of discussion, in which Dr. Theiner shows that these institutions were intended for the education of the secular clergy, and in the course of which he has occasion to refer to 'St. Ludger, bishop of Münster, who had commenced his studies in the seminary founded by Gregory of Utrecht, in the preceding century, and had finished them at York in England, under the direction of Alcuin,\* we come to the following account of a new institution :—

' To the different kinds of ecclesiastical schools founded by Charlemagne, there was added, under Louis the Debonair, a fifth species, which appears to have had nearly the same form as the academies [universities] which were erected in after times. It was to them, at any rate, that the latter owed their origin. The fathers of the council [of Paris, held A.D. 806] prayed the emperor to found high schools in three cities at least of the [western] empire. They promised themselves great benefit from these establishments, which would redound to the glory of the church of God, and offer the surest guarantee for the maintenance of learning and of ecclesiastical education. These three schools would rival in lustre the *Schola Palatina* which was established in the emperor's palace. In that school there was assembled the *élite* of the nation, to use the expression of St. Radbod, bishop of Utrecht, who had studied in the palatine school of Louis

\* As this bishop had part of his theological training in Yorkshire, it may be interesting to see his character as drawn in Massillon's 'Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti': 'Erat S. Liudgerus in scripturis sanctis eruditissimus, tamque ardenter alios erudire gestiens, ut præter publicas prædicationes quoque mane discipulis suis per se traderet lectiones, ipse nihil extra faciens, quam quod in scripturis facindis invenit.'—See his Life as above, lib. ii. §. 6. He further proved his ardour in the cause of education, by founding a seminary at Münster, and in order to endow it, sold all the palaces and lands which Charlemagne had given him.

the Debonair, with Stephen and Mancius, bishops of Tongres and Châlons-sur-Marne. This was less in order to arrive at high ecclesiastical dignities, than from a pure love of the sciences, which were taught there better than elsewhere. From the information we have been able to collect concerning these principal schools, it appears to have been those of Tours, Lyons, and Fulda which the fathers of the council of Paris designed for advanced ecclesiastical studies ; it is those, at least, which have acquired the greatest renown for the extent of their instruction, as well as for the learning of their professors and the number of great men who have been trained in them.'

The preceding extracts give an interesting view of the importance which the emperors and prelates of that period attached to the education of the clergy. Louis had indeed, three years previous to the meeting of the council, required the bishops of the empire not only to watch over the existing seminaries with the greatest care, but also to erect new ones in districts where there were none existing : and the bishops, in reply, expressed themselves with the utmost frankness on the subject, and acknowledged it to be one of their most sacred duties to watch with the most scrupulous concern over the education of the clergy. Dr. Theiner traces to the laws of Charlemagne and Louis on this subject the canon published by Pope Eugenius II., at the council of Rome in 826 (the acts of which were signed by sixty-seven Italian bishops), and the establishment of the seminaries of Italy. In consequence, however, of the intestine wars which had prevailed in France, it would appear that in 855, and even in 845, the schools of that country, and indeed the empire generally, were in a state of decline. This drew the attention of the councils of Meaux (A.D. 845), Valence (A.D. 855), and Tulle (A.D. 859), the canons of which concur with all we know of the habits of the times, and indeed of much later times in our own country, to prove that whatever establishments existed for the purpose of education (excepting, of course, those immediately connected with the courts of sovereigns), had almost exclusively in view the training of the clergy, whatever that training might be. And though we cannot take, as Dr. Theiner does, the exception for the rule, or believe that the education generally given and received amounted to much, we cheerfully admit that whatever there was of real learning in those times, and there were splendid exceptions to the prevailing ignorance, was the fruit of those establishments. We close our extracts on the subject of the schools erected by Charlemagne and Louis the Debonair, with our author's remark that—

'These public schools [viz., those proposed by the council of Paris as mentioned in the last extract] or to speak more correctly, academies, were distinguished from the great and little

seminaries, (i.e. the episcopal, and parochial or district seminaries) in two principal respects: in the first place, because in addition to theology the sciences were taught in them, at least so far as the knowledge of them might contribute to the more perfect understanding of the holy scriptures; and secondly, because any person, of whatever diocese or country he might be, was admitted to study in them.'

Dr. Theiner next notices the condition of these schools in the time of Charles the Bald; (and under this head the ardour of the Irish scholars, then highly distinguished for learning, to obtain employment in them) and afterwards proceeds to the state of theological education in Italy during the same century. 'It appears,' he says, 'that from very early times there existed a seminary at Rome for young people of the English nation. Its foundation is ordinarily carried back to the time of Ina. King Alfred the Great, the restorer of letters in England, found it in existence when he went to Rome in 889, but the building had just been destroyed by fire. Alfred rebuilt it under the name of *Collegium Saxonicum*. This seminary is now the ENGLISH COLLEGE.'

The next account would provoke discussion had we space or leisure for it. It relates to Denmark, and the efforts of the 'pious King Harald' to diffuse christianity there. Thence the author passes to the theological schools of Germany and England in the *sixth* century. We must allow ourselves an extract on this subject, which we do the more willingly, because it is treated with more regard to the laws of historical narrative than almost any other in the work, and because our previous extracts have been chiefly descriptive.

'The theological schools of Germany and England maintained during the sixth century the lustre of their renown. St. Adalbert, archbishop of Prague, had prosecuted his studies in the seminary at Magdeburg; while Pepin, bishop of Wurzburg, carried his improvements so far as to obtain professors from Rome. That of the convent of Schœnau was particularly famous as a nursery for the German clergy. St. Wolfgang, bishop of Ratisbon, was educated there. The famous episcopal seminary at Münster produced St. Ethelwald, who was bishop of this city, and Oswald, archbishop of York. The archiepiscopal seminary at Canterbury still enjoyed the reputation which Theodore the Grecian had obtained for it. The Archbishop, St. Odo, president of this institution, was so versed in the Greek and Latin languages, that in his leisure moments he composed hymns in them. He wrote prose with much ease in both languages. To form a just idea of the knowledge of the English clergy, it is sufficient to know that many able men of this country distinguished themselves as professors in celebrated schools, as, for instance, that of Fleury-sur-Loire. St. Cadroc, an Irishman by birth, and one of the most learned men of his age, travelling for the sake of further

improvement, was invited as he passed through Fleury, to deliver some lectures. This conventional school was justly proud of having educated the most distinguished members of the secular clergy of France and Germany. It owed, at this time, part of its celebrity to its abbot, the illustrious Abbo. According to the testimony of St. Cadroc's biographer, this saint was *profoundly versed in all imaginable learning!* Adalbert, bishop of Metz, invited him to his residence, and confided to him the direction of the convent of St. Felix, and of the seminary; but Cadroc soon quitted Metz, and returned to his own country. No one contributed more to the restoration of learning, or rendered greater services to the church of England, than the illustrious Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury. Dunstan is, without contradiction, one of the finest and most noble politico-religious characters of the ancient history of England, and it is precisely on that account that he has been so ill understood, and so cruelly misrepresented. He ought to be regarded, as in some respects the saviour of the church of England. Glastonbury, his favourite residence, whither he was accustomed to retire in solitary retreat from the world, became the nursery of the most learned, the most pious, and the holiest men of England and Ireland.'

Leaving, for the honour of old England, all these commendations unchallenged, the next subject we come to is the schools of France in the eleventh century, when the theological academies of Lyons, Langres, and Chartres, were in a very flourishing condition. 'The pupils of these academies, which were still established in the bishop's palaces, lived in common, quite after the manner of the primitive seminaries. Some of the most distinguished *élèves* of this period were St. Majol, abbot at Cluni, who studied at Lyons; and St. Halimard, archbishop of Lyons; and Adelman, bishop of Brescia, who studied at Langres and Chartres. The famous Berengarius also studied at Chartres. The seminary at Rheims was renowned for its president Gerbert, archbishop of that city, and afterwards pope, under the name of Sylvester II; and the episcopal seminary at Tulle was immortalized by St. Adalbert and St. Bruno, the latter of whom was cousin to the emperor Conrad III., and pope, under the name of Leo IX.'

The principal seminaries of Germany, and their respective worthies, are then just touched upon, but there is nothing in the enumeration which requires notice, except the seminary at Hildesheim and the Palatine school. Respecting the former, we read:—

'St. Bernard, an offshoot of the illustrious family of the counts of Sonnenberg, which produced a succession of electors of Saxony, was educated there, and became afterwards bishop of Hildesheim. Bernard united to all the virtues which his high position required, the greatest ability in the mechanical arts. He was a good architect, and a skilful locksmith, and he employed his talents in adorning his

cathedral. He copied and illuminated ancient manuscripts, in an admirable manner, and did not disdain, personally, to instruct the pupils of his seminary. Owing to his great scientific renown, he was named preceptor to the young emperor, Otho III. Gothard, Bernard's successor, justly placed in the number of the saints, on account of the great services which he rendered the church, threw as much zeal as his predecessor had done into the instruction of the clergy. He also taught the pupils of the seminary theological learning and the mechanical arts.'

We have not room for an extract respecting the Palatine school: a short abstract must suffice. Bruno, invited by his elder brother, Otho, at the time when the latter was invested with the imperial dignity, to restore this school, organized immediately a complete course of the seven liberal arts. He agreed with the professors that they should explain all the 'chef-d'œuvres' of the historians, orators, poets, and philosophers of Greece and Rome, in order that the students might be perfectly well informed on all branches of learning; being well convinced that extensive knowledge, even in a religious point of view, is the finest ornament of the church.' Whithersoever Bruno went, whether on an episcopal visitation, or attending the imperial court, he carried his library with him, partly for study, and partly for business—'ferens secum et causam studii sui, et instrumentum: causam in divinis, instrumentum in gentibus libris.' Among the other seminaries of Germany, those of Münster, and especially Paderborn, became distinguished for their range of studies. Not content with the *trivium*, which comprised grammar, rhetoric, and logic, the professors of the latter seminary extended their plan over the *quadrivium*, which included, besides those, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy. 'They also read courses on Horace, Virgil, Sallust, and Statius. The students took pleasure in employing their leisure hours in cultivating the liberal arts—poetry, music, and eloquence, and engaged zealously in copying ancient manuscripts, which they adorned with beautiful miniatures. This school was open to those young people only who were intended for the ecclesiastical profession. Discipline was maintained in it with inexorable severity. When a youth was once admitted into the seminary, his relatives were no longer permitted to visit, or even to speak to him, 'since,' said the bishop, 'their caresses might easily make him vain, or high-minded, and so incapable of devoting himself to the pursuit of learning.'

The remainder of this part is devoted to a consideration of the causes which hastened the decline of these theological seminaries. After the commencement of the twelfth century, almost all traces of them disappeared, so that in the sixteenth, when Ignatius Loyola formed the bold resolution of restoring

to the church its ancient influence and lustre, not a remnant of them was to be found. So generally had they been forgotten, that when the council of Trent gave the weight of its authority to their re-establishment, they were everywhere regarded as a new institute.

We cannot enter into Dr. Theiner's disquisitions on the causes of this decline. He ascribes it, partly to the decay of the pure feudal spirit which existed at the time of their institution, and partly to the establishment of the university system. The depravation of the pure feudal spirit, he thinks, was immediately followed by the dissolution of the 'canonical life' of the clergy. He does not state whether he means in monasteries, as well as in those laxer institutions, where persons lived in commons under a rule, but it would necessarily affect both, though not in equal degrees. The cause to which he ascribes the greatest influence, however, is the foundation of the universities of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, at the head of which for a time, stood those of Bologna and Paris. The terms in which we have censured the work as a whole, must not prevent our expressing the interest with which we have read this portion of it; it is, in our judgment, both sound in theory, and well written. Indeed, had the first and third parts possessed either the interest of the narrative from which we have so largely extracted, or the truth and force of the argument with which this second part closes, we should have spoken very differently of it, and have done so cheerfully. We must permit ourselves, before we pass on, one brief extract more, in which the author pours out his complaints on the decline of the seminaries which have been described:—

' Not to leave the narrow circle we have prescribed to ourselves, and to speak only of the seminaries, we must ask of this sublime academical epoch, [i. e. that of the universities] What had become of the holy zeal of the bishops for the instruction of the clergy? Where were the prelates, who composed with so much ease and unction, pious hymns in Greek and Latin, to the praise of God, and the honour of the saints of his church? Where were the young clerical students, able to preach and write in the languages of Latium and Athens as fluently as in their mother tongues? Where were those holy professors of literature and science, who looked up to heaven alone for the recompense of their labours and their efforts? Where those profound studies in astronomy and mathematics? What, in fine, had become of that holy manner of life, which equally distinguished the superior and inferior clergy, and which, in both classes, had produced men, whom their erudition, their virtues, and their piety, will render ever memorable as objects of admiration to the world, and who will ever be saluted with the title of benefactors of the human race? We may say, with reason, this pious and holy

epoch was that of the poetic infancy of christian art and science in Europe: it passed away modestly, and without noise, under the eye of the world, in holy aspirations towards God, and wished to leave no traces of itself but its own merits, of which it had too much humility itself to speak.'

Admitting that the importance of the era in question was long overlooked, and that the age was even misrepresented, because it was little known, there is one material point on which we are at issue with Dr. Theiner. The monastic severity and seclusion which, as our extracts have shown, ruled in most of these institutions, prevented the good they might contain from being diffused over society; the world at large, therefore, had but little interest in preserving them; and we have no reason to doubt that it was with the seminaries as with the monasteries, that the want of a healthy action upon them from society at large caused them to become, in far too many instances, nurseries of indolence and secret vice—vessels of wrath fitted for destruction.

The third and last part, (which, with the supplementary documents, comprises three-fourths of the whole work, and is in the proportion of twelve to one to either of the other parts,) is headed 'History and Condition of the Institutions for Clerical Education, from the Council of Trent to the present Times.' Reckoning from 1563, when this council closed its sittings, till 1833, when Dr. Theiner's work was published, we have a period of 270 years; a period shorter in duration than either of the preceding periods, but richer both in facts and authorities than both of them put together.

The author has not contented himself in this part with the history of theological seminaries, but, towards the close especially, has admitted many irrelevant, or at least unnecessary, details; having devoted nearly 150 pages to a narrative of the causes which led to the suppression of the Jesuits, and the spread of infidel principles in France and Germany, by the encyclopaedists, the illuminati, and the various orders of free-thinkers, who followed in their train. We shall briefly describe that portion of it which is occupied with the professed subject of the work.

'Great phenomena,' says Dr. Theiner, 'are always followed by great reactions.' On this principle, he, in common with all genuine Romanists, regards Ignatius Loyola as an instrument of Providence raised up to counteract the tremendous mischiefs of the schism of the sixteenth century. 'After the alliance of the reformers,' says he, 'came the Society of Jesus. They matched themselves against each other immediately in the eyes of the world, and continued to be foes: for from their first

entrance into history and life they have appeared as two opposite principles: the one as the principle of revolution and destruction, the other as the principle of reconciliation and the conservation of a renewed christian society.

The third part of the work, therefore, opens with an account of the efforts of Loyola on behalf of clerical education; and as the seminaries which were set up under the direction of the Council of Trent were for the most part placed under the direction of the Jesuits, and those which were not so, were usually erected on the model of Loyola's own seminary at Rome, we shall devote particular attention to the system of the Jesuits as here illustrated.

' Ignatius had obtained a deep insight into human nature and the state of society at the time in which he lived, when he declared that the amelioration of the establishments for the education of youth, and especially of the clergy, was the fundamental condition for the restoration of order in the church and in the world: for ignorance is the mother of all evil. . . . The education of youth therefore became the chief object of the labours of St. Ignatius. . . . The re-establishment of the ancient ecclesiastical seminaries, which we have seen flourishing from the time of St. Augustine's immortal efforts in the first ages of the church, down to the twelfth century, when they gave way to the foundation of academies, which, unhappily, caused them first to decline from their ancient importance, and afterwards wholly disappear—this re-establishment appeared to him to be the only sure means of attaining the great end at which he aimed. He began, therefore, with forming a vast scheme of seminaries and colleges, which he wished to carry out first in Germany, because he judged that that was the country where it was most important to prevent the setting in of doctrines contrary to the church. While he was occupied in secret with the great plan which he had formed for Germany, in founding a theological school at Rome for young Germans of talent, his disciples were already working incessantly in that country, under the protection of enlightened and pious princes of the church, to procure a moral and scientific education for the clergy, and thus to sustain the ancient faith of the church in the midst of its thousand dangers.

' The seminary of St. Ignatius became the model of all the theological schools founded under the immediate protection of the Holy See, and even served, as we shall see, as a guide to the fathers of the Council of Trent in their celebrated decree respecting seminaries. Were it only for this reason, we should be sufficiently justified in relating the principal circumstances which attended the establishment of this seminary.'

These *circumstances*, then detailed at length, we must treat briefly, though they possess considerable interest, reserving what room we can spare for the character of the system. Suffice it to say, that, after a meeting of the papal consistory, con-

vened chiefly through the efforts of the cardinals Moronus and Cervinus, the latter of whom had laid before the pope Ignatius's plan for a theological school at Rome for young people of the German nation, a bull for the erection of such a school was published by Julius III. on the 31st of August, 1552; copies were *immediately* printed and dispatched *in large numbers* to each of the princes and ecclesiastical dignitaries of Germany; and Ignatius, *without loss of time*, wrote to Cologne, Prague, and Vienna, where his disciples were already in full activity, engaging them to choose *young people of talent*, and send them to Rome to his seminary. Before the end of the year a sufficient number had been obtained to open the college. The first matriculation took place on the 21st of November, which, in memory of the event, was fixed for the anniversary festival of the college. The numbers considerably increased, and soon the fame of the establishment had spread from one end of Germany to the other. From the moment that his plan appeared likely to be carried into execution, however, Ignatius's first care had been to arrange the laws for the government of the college, which he divided into two rubrics, containing the rules to be observed respecting the entrance and dismission of students, as well as during their residence in it. Besides this, he founded a chapel and formed a library; and as our author tells us, in addition to the three ancient languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, the study of which was usual at this epoch, there were also taught, by the special permission of the Holy See, which Ignatius *urgently sought for, and obtained with great difficulty*, [moral] philosophy, physics, exegesis, and all the higher sciences.

The warlike spirit of Paul IV. sapping the resources of the church, the colleges were in his reign reduced to great straits.

'The celebrated cardinal of Augsburg himself, who had hitherto been a most ardent advocate of the institution, drew back, and expressed himself in strong terms respecting the perpetual contributions of money which Ignatius required for its support. Ignatius replied, with calm dignity, that if any persons repented of the benevolence which they had extended to the institution, they had only to abandon it at once; that he would make every effort to sustain it, and would perish rather than leave his beloved Germans . . . that he should rely upon the help of God, and then the difficulties he might meet with would only encourage him the more in his work.' In a private conversation, Ignatius, animated with an enthusiasm almost prophetic, expressed his conviction that the time would come, when a pope would not only deliver the college from its embarrassments, but would become its father, its most generous benefactor, and would feel constrained to secure for it a perpetual existence. This pope, as we shall soon see, was Gregory XIII.

Passing the account our author gives of the skilful management by which the cardinal, assisted by Canisius, the restorer of learning in catholic Germany, engaged the interest of Gregory XIII. on behalf of the college; and also of that pope's visit to it, and his becoming its second founder, we come to the reorganization of the college code, which has since continued conformable to the following draught.

'These are in few words the fundamental laws of the institution. The pupils admitted into the college must be natives of Upper Germany, that is to say, of Alsace, the Rhine district, Bavaria, Swabia, Franconia, Westphalia, Saxony, Silesia, Prussia, Austria, the Tyrol, or Hungary. They must be of honourable [legitimate] birth, sound health, and have attained the age of about twenty years. Youths of noble families might, however, be received at the age of sixteen years. After residing six months in the college, during which time it was supposed they would have had time to reflect on the great and the sacred duties of the institution, so as not in after times to repent of the step they took, they were required to take the oath of consecration to the ecclesiastical life; and that they would, on their return to Germany, give themselves up exclusively to this life, and not profess or teach at the same time other faculties, such as medicine or law. The piety necessary to the ecclesiastical state, as well as the exercise of the spiritual virtues it requires, were particularly recommended to them. The manner of living was common to all. No one could leave the house, without the permission of the rector, and without a sufficient reason. The severest discipline was exercised over all the pupils as to morality, religion and learning. The time of study was limited to ten years, the first three of which were consecrated to philosophy and the higher branches of learning, the following four to scholastic [doctrinal], and the last three to moral, [ethical and practical] theology. After having finished their studies, the pupils must remain thirty days in the college, after which clothes and money were given them for their return to Germany. Those who gave proofs of superior talent might remain some time longer at Rome, if the rector of the college considered that it would be useful to them. If any of them wished to enter any [monastic] order, he was free to do so, but only in Germany. Students' places might not continue vacant more than a year. The most distinguished scholars might, after undergoing the necessary examinations, obtain academical degrees, such as the baccalaureate, the licence [degree of licentiate] and the doctorate. The appointment of the rector and professors, as well as the whole spiritual and temporal direction of the establishment, was confided to the fathers of the society of Jesus in perpetuity.

'Thus,' adds Dr. Theiner, 'arose by degrees the establishment which, from its origin, excited the admiration of the Italians and of all catholic nations, and became a source of glory to the fathers of the Society of Jesus. A third portion of the sequel of the

work is filled with the account of the various efforts made by different popes and bishops to establish similar institutions in different parts of catholic christendom ; a very large proportion of which were placed under the supervision of the Jesuits. This account comprises many curious and some interesting details. Notices of the several colleges which have been founded at Rome, Lisbon, Paris, Lille, Douay and elsewhere, for the training of English, Scotch and Irish priests, and the circumstances attending their establishment are scattered here and there. Among other topics which arrested our attention in the perusal, were Cardinal Pole's project (A.D. 1556) for the establishment of ecclesiastical seminaries in England on the plan of the German college at Rome ; the correspondence between Pius V. and Sandoval, Bishop of Cordova, on the subject of seminaries to be formed according to the decree of the Council of Trent ; the letters of the same pope to the bishop of Gubbio and the chapter of Evora ; the establishment in 1602 of the college at Rome under the direction of the *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*, with the erection in 1636 of twelve, and in 1639 of thirteen Barberini scholarships in the same college for Georgians, Persians, Nestorians, Jacobites, Copts and others ; the institution of the *Cléricature* of Bourdoise at Paris in 1618 ; and the association formed by Olier in 1641, of 'able and virtuous priests,' who should devote themselves exclusively to the direction of seminaries. We could have imagined, while perusing the account of the *cléricature* of Bourdoise, that we had fallen on a narrative of one of the first efforts made by our own ejected forefathers to provide for the future education of the ministry for the non-conformists of England.

The remainder of the work is of a very inferior character. It is chiefly occupied with an account of the encyclopædists of France, and the philosophers and *illuminati* of Sans Souci, Wolfsbüttel, and other parts of Germany. But it is written with the utmost partiality and virulence, descends to the lowest abuse, and masks the most important facts. Supposing, therefore, that it was as relevant as (in the extent to which it stretches) it is irrelevant to the subject of the work, the representation of it here would answer no other purpose than to exhibit the author's moral incompetency for the task he has undertaken. It is scarcely possible to conceive a greater contrast than that presented by the investigation of rationalism in this volume, and in (heu ! quantum mutatus ab illo !) Pusey's 'Historical Inquiry' into the same subject. The author is no longer an historian, but a furious pamphleteer : a fierce and rabid Romanist, devoted, like the Jesuits, to the exclusive interests of the papacy, and, like them, but too well versed in the literary delinquencies which Pascal's immortal pen exposed. We have no appetite, and trust our

readers have none, for the declamatory accusations of a writer, who calls Voltaire 'the Luther of the eighteenth century,' and charges upon Jansenism the horrors of the French revolution.

The Appendix of Documents contains:—I. The bull of Pope Julius III. (A. D. 1552), directing the erection of the German college at Rome. II. The constitution of the college, drawn up by St. Ignatius. III. The bull of Pope Gregory XIII., (A. D. 1584), re-organizing the constitution of the German and Hungarian colleges. IV. The Imperial Privilege, (A. D. 1628), for the German college at Rome. V. A catalogue of the illustrious men, who have been trained in the German and Hungarian colleges. VI. An extract from the decree of Cardinal Pole, as Papal Legate, (A. D. 1556), touching a reformation of the English church; in which he orders that a theological seminary shall be attached to every cathedral church. VII. The decree of the Council of Trent, (A. D. 1563), concerning seminaries. VIII. A pastoral letter of Pope Clement VIII. (A. D. 1592) to the rectors, prefects, and students of the seminaries immediately under the patronage of the Roman See, or which had been founded by the care and liberality of pious bishops and princes, for the furtherance of the christian religion. IX. A brief from Louis XIV. (A. D. 1698), addressed to the archbishops and bishops of France, ordering the establishment of seminaries. X. A memoir presented to the King of France by the bishops, on the subject of the ordinances of June 16, 1828, respecting secondary ecclesiastical schools. XI. A letter, dated *February*, 1834, from the archbishops and bishops of Belgium to the clergy of their dioceses, respecting the establishment of a catholic university in Belgium. XII. A bull of Pope Gregory XVI. (dated December 13, 1833), sanctioning the establishment of that university, and XIII. A bull of the same pope, (dated July, 1834), condemning the 'Paroles d'un Croyant' of the Abbé de Lamennais. Several of these documents contain interesting, and some of them instructive matter. The pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Paris, upon the subject of ecclesiastical studies, written in April, 1841, on occasion of the re-establishment of the 'Conferences,' and of the faculty of theology, and a copy of which is appended to the French translation of Dr. Theiner's work, is also curious and valuable.

In the perusal of the really historical portion of Dr. Theiner's work, three things recurred perpetually. 1. The widely spread ignorance and demoralization of the Roman clergy. 2. The repeated declarations of popes, bishops, and councils, that well conducted seminaries of the highest class were the only remedy for these disorders; and, 3. The extraordinary activity of the Jesuits and the ablest of the Roman dignitaries, to fill all Europe with such seminaries. *FAS EST, ET AB HOSTE DOCERI.*

Art. IV. *Lethè and other Poems.* By Sophia Woodrooffe. Posthumously edited by G. S. Faber, B.D. Master of Sherburn Hospital, and Prebendary of Salisbury, 12mo. London. Seeley & Co. 1844.

THIS is a volume of genuine poetry, the production of a young lady of singularly elegant and 'almost prematurely cultivated' mind, who, after a short and unexpected illness, died at the age of twenty-two. The principal poem, 'Lethe,' was written at the age of nineteen. It displays most assuredly a vigorous imagination, a depth of thought, a command of language and flow of versification, altogether extraordinary in so young a poetess. The strong bias of her taste for classical subjects had evinced itself at the early age of sixteen, in a spirited translation of a chorus from *Hecuba*, while her earliest known production is a dramatic poem on the subject of *Irene*, written at the age of thirteen, which is justly pronounced by the Editor 'a literary curiosity.' Among the miscellaneous pieces, we have translations from the Greek, the Italian, the French, and the German. Yet, with all this high and varied cultivation and proficiency, are united, in rare conjunction, an entire freedom from pedantry, a charming simplicity and ease, and exquisite purity of taste. The translations are elegant and spirited, yet they are not the best things in the volume. In the original poems, there is an ease and freedom which are quite surprising. We have been more especially struck with the stanzas addressed to Count Confalonieri on his recovering his liberty: they breathe an enthusiasm and a generous sympathy with the Italian patriots, for which the reverend Editor has deemed it necessary almost to apologize. 'It was natural,' remarks Mr. Faber, 'that a young and ardent mind enamoured of classic lore, and steeped in antique recollections, should anticipate the national resurrection of Italy.' We are not quite sure that a sympathy with living patriotism is naturally or constantly the accompaniment of a proficiency in classic lore; but what distinguishes these stanzas, and gives them, in our judgment, their highest value, is, that they breathe not a mere classic enthusiasm in reference to 'Imperial Italy,' but a sympathy with the liberated captive, the exiled patriot; there is *heart* as well as lyrical spirit in this address from the youthful poetess—she was only twenty years of age—to the noble and heroic sufferer in his country's cause.

#### TO COUNT CONFALONIERI.

' Yes, thou art free at length! Thou, that hast borne,  
Through long dark years, the dungeon and the chain,  
The tyrant's fury, the oppressor's scorn,  
Firm and unshrinking; thou art free again !

Thine eye, long dimmed within thy living tomb,  
 Upon the festal sky once more may gaze :  
 Thy steps may wander 'mid the joyous bloom  
 Wherewith bright Summer all the earth arrays,  
 The green and glorious earth; how doubly fair  
 To those so long shut out from sunshine and fresh air !

‘ Yes, thou art free ! But where is she whose love  
 Smiled on thine early years of happiness,  
 And, proudly rising every storm above,  
 Cheered thee in darkest danger and distress ?  
 Whose lone devotion, in the after years  
 When thou wert torn from her, so nobly bore  
 Against the oppressor’s might, with prayers and tears  
 Striving, ’mid woes and perils, to restore  
 The loved and lost : O where is she ? Gone down  
 To the cold grave with tried affection’s martyr crown.

‘ Yes, thou art free, O faithful, true, and brave !  
 But is not thy lone spirit ever turning  
 Back to thy country, o’er the ocean wave ?  
 Dost thou not feel the exile’s weary yearning  
 For the dear home he never may behold ?  
 Do not her radiant hills, her purple vines,  
 Her gorgeous fanes, her ivied temples old,  
 Her gleaming rivers, and her antique shrines,  
 In midnight visions float before thine eyes,  
 With all their train of sad, yet lovely memories ?

‘ Houseless and desolate, but not forsaken,  
 Surely an inward peace hath blest thy lot,  
 And, though the beauty from thy life be taken,  
 Thou tread’st thy lonely path, repining not ;  
 Waiting, with calm and trustful heart, the hour  
 When He who freed thee from thy prison cell,  
 And armed thy soul with strong enduring power,  
 Shall call thee hence in that bright land to dwell,  
 Where grief, and chains, and exile shall but seem  
 Like the dire phantoms of a half-forgotten dream.

‘ There no regret can cloud the golden day,  
 No dark remembrance mar the adoring song :  
 There love can know no change and no decay :  
 There none can do, and none can suffer wrong :  
 There doth the wanderer cease at last to roam :  
 And there, unto the weary, rest is given :  
 There, with the faithful few, shall be thy home,  
 Thou that with quenchless purpose thus hast striven  
 To free thy country from her coiling chain,  
 So bravely and so well, but yet, alas ! in vain.

' In vain ? Oh, not in vain ! It cannot be  
 That noble hearts should vainly thus endure ;  
 That like a gem cast on the stormy sea,  
 The bold, the true, the gentle, and the pure,  
 Should make, of liberty and love and life,  
 (All that they cherished, that they valued, most,)  
 A *fruitless* offering in the unequal strife,  
 A priceless treasure vainly, vainly lost !  
 It cannot be ! The seed they sowed in tears,  
 In brightness shall spring up to life in after years.

' Yes ! from the dust in glory shalt thou start,  
 Dashing the spoiler's fetters proudly down,  
 Imperial Italy, fair Queen of art !  
 Again thy brow shall wear the laurel crown :  
 The voice of joy and freedom shall arise  
 From thy victorious sons, by all their streams,  
 Again, unto thy soft and cloudless skies :  
 And thy rich sunlight, with its glowing beams,  
 Shall no more see thy children exiles, slaves,  
 But chainless as their own blue Adriatic waves.

' Then, Confalonieri, then, thy name  
 Shall be a watchword in the glorious fight,  
 A thrilling trumpet-tone, a beacon flame  
 Kindling a thousand fires on every height.  
 The child shall lisp it from the mother's knee ;  
 Each patriot spirit burn at that high word ;  
 All hearts within the homesteads of the free,  
 Shall proudly thrill whene'er its sound is heard.  
 Best of thy country's heroes ! Thy renown  
 E'en to the latest age shall pass in brightness down.'

We can conceive of scarcely any thing more intensely gratifying to a noble and susceptible mind, than receiving such a tribute of admiration and sympathy as this, from an ingenuous and gifted young lady. Our next specimen must be, a truly classical and richly picturesque little poem, written at the age of one and twenty ; alas ! one of the latest productions.

## DELOS.

## I.

' Lovely wert thou in thy rest  
 On the blue Egèan's breast ;  
 Gleaming like a ruby stone  
 Set in evening's purple zone.  
 Lovely wert thou, when the morn,  
 On her rosy pinions borne,  
 Shedding brightness over earth,  
 Woke thee into life and mirth.

Lovely wert thou when the sun  
 His meridian height had won,  
 And a flood of living gold  
 O'er thy gorgeous temple rolled :  
 Lovely, when that glorious light  
 Faded into softer night ;  
 And thy waters, to the moon,  
 Sang their lowly murmuring tune,

## II.

Looking down upon the main,  
 Stately rose thy marble fane,  
 With its regal colonnades  
 Gleaming through the laurel shades.  
 Many a sculptured form divine  
 Decked that rich and radiant shrine :  
 Many a treasure, costly, rare,  
 Brought from lands afar, was there.  
 Ever swept the breath of song  
 On thy perfume-winds along,  
 With a thousand melodies  
 Ringing through the sunny skies,  
 Cittern, dulcimer, and lute,  
 Clarion, lyre, and gentle flute :  
 Swelling, sinking, distant, nigh,  
 Fleeted that strange harmony :  
 Mid the rocks, and through the glade,  
 To the darkest, deepest shade ;  
 Through the gay and gloomy bowers,  
 With the odour of all flowers.

## III.

Dark-eyed nymphs with rose-crowned hair,  
 As a painter's vision fair,  
 Through thy groves and gardens roved,  
 Or in graceful dances moved,  
 As, around some gentle queen,  
 In her loneliness serene,  
 Robes of festal pomp we see ;  
 Joy and beauty mantled thee.  
 Never was thy soft air stirred  
 By one sad or sorrowing word.  
 Voice of weeping never rose  
 To disturb thy bright repose.  
 Never might the gate of life,  
 Gate to woe, and care, and strife,  
 Ope to mortal, 'mid thy bloom.  
 And the portal of the tomb,  
 With its cold and awful gloom,

And its mysteries unrevealed,  
Never there might be unsealed.  
Death and change and dull decay.  
Might not dim thy glorious day.

## IV.

All thy beauty and thy mirth,  
Were they not too much for earth ?  
No : for in the elder time,  
Many a thought and truth sublime  
Lay within some mystic tale  
Or beneath a symbol's veil.  
Then tradition's shadows fell  
Thickly over hill and dell ;  
They have fleeted now away  
From the light of risen day.

## V.

Then, fair isle, to earnest eyes,  
Thou wert type of Paradise.  
In those days of joy and pride,  
There were yet some hearts that sighed,  
Like the Athenian poet-sage,  
Yearning for a better age,  
Looking for a dearer home,  
Whence their steps no more should roam.  
Thou didst tell them of the clime  
Given to man in early time ;  
When the happy earth, new born,  
Glowed with tints of orient morn,  
Ere sin or woe, or pain or guile,  
Dimmed the freshness of her smile,  
Thou wert emblem of the goal  
Destined to the weary soul,  
When the race of life was run,  
Where its victor-crown is won.

## VI.

Island of the Grecian sea,  
It was well that thou shouldst be  
Thus a dedicated place,  
Where mortality's dim trace  
Ne'er the glorious type should mar  
Of the spirit's land afar.  
It was well that thou wert made  
Emblem of what ne'er can fade.  
So thou mightest cheer the weak ;  
Hope, unto the sorrowing, speak ;  
Be a pledge of better things  
To the soul, whose weary wings,

Worn with seeking, thought, and care,  
Feverish joy, and lone despair,  
Almost sank to earth oppressed,  
Yearning for a place of rest.'

The perfect beauty of these stanzas, considering the age of the writer, we cannot but regard as quite extraordinary. We shall now give one of the miscellaneous poems of unknown date, —a very unpretending production, but simple and touching.

#### THE ROSE AND THE PRISONER.

' It was now about the end of July : and the two or three roses, on the stunted plants of the platform, breathed forth such a rich perfume that I could not but stop to inhale it. I longed to pluck one of them. The rose was the favourite of my mother ; but I resisted the temptation. They were sacred. My fellow-prisoners might enjoy them as fully as myself. They brought back, however, the memory of my boyhood, of that of my dear parent. ' A. ANDRYANI.'

' Oh ! desolate and drooping rose,  
How mournfully thy buds unclose !  
How sad is e'en thy regal bloom,  
Amid this dreary dungeon-gloom !

' Yet, pale and faded as thou art,  
Thou bringest, to my weary heart,  
Sweet memories of former years,  
Unstained by care, undimmed by tears.

' Thou call'st my childish days to mind ;  
Those joyous days, long, long, ago ;  
When many a rosy wreath I twined  
Amid my mother's locks to glow :

' When mirth and song and laughter dwelt  
Amid our happy household band ;  
When pain or sorrow none had felt,  
None captive pined in foreign land.

' Then, glad and free, in summer hours,  
We roved at will, mid trees and flowers :  
Far ; where my land's own roses bloom,  
With radiant hue and rich perfume.

' Alas ! how changed, how faded, all  
The sunny dreams thy buds recall !  
An exile chained, whom have I now  
To breathe of home ? Thou, only thou !

' Come, charm me in my lonely cell !  
Yet, no ! I'll leave thee on thy stem.  
Others may love thee, rose, as well.  
Then stay ; and breathe of home to them.' —

But we must now give some account of the principal poem. The argument is briefly this. An Athenian of the olden time, when Greece was warring against Persia, after an eventful career and lonely wanderings through various countries, prompted by the restlessness of a wounded spirit, is at length conducted to

‘A land of snow-clad mountains, sunny hills,  
Green vales, and fruitful plains, and flowing rills,’—

where he meets with one who directs him to ‘the source sublime of all true light;’ and his soul is thus taught to ‘quench her thirst with living waters.’ To this friend, on bidding him farewell, he recites his story. From the structure and drift of the poem, the Editor infers that Miss Woodrooffe had, in the course of her various reading, met with the almost romantic account which Justin Martyr gives of his own conversion to Christianity; but to have made the Athenian warrior a convert to the Christian doctrine, would have been an anachronism; and we are, therefore, to suppose that his teacher was a devout Jew. The title of the poem is derived from one of the incidents. In a paroxysm of mental agony, the Athenian had besought the gods to bless him with forgetfulness. His prayer is granted; a goblet of Lethe water is presented to him, which he eagerly drinks; but its effect is described as producing only a change of wretchedness.

‘——— Memory had no grief  
Or joy for me. Oh, e'en a cause to sigh  
Unto my spirit would have brought relief!  
But I was sad. Nathless, I did not know  
Wherfore my glee and mirth had turned to woe.

‘It was a self-consuming of the heart;  
A very searing of the soul and brain.  
I walked among men as one apart,  
Unconscious of their pleasure or their pain,  
Who, by no gentle tie to others twined,  
Counts but the throbings of his own dark mind.’

At length he reaches in his wanderings his old paternal dwelling, and knows it not; but he falls asleep; and in a dream, the images of all his by-gone life pass in procession before him. The spirit that had offered him the boon of forgetfulness, ‘so wildly sought,’ re-appears, and addresses him:—

‘Thou that didst seek, in anguish, to forget,  
Could Lethe’s waters happiness afford?  
Or wilt thou that remembrance be restored?’

‘Give me back memory, give.’ . . . .

When I awoke,  
 I knew my father's pleasant home again.  
 The spell was loosed from me ; the charm was broke,  
 No more to bind me with its fearful chain :  
 And, in the moonbeam's silvery light, I stood  
 Softened into a calm, though pensive mood.'

Upon this slender but golden thread, the poetical skill of the young authoress has strung a hundred and twenty-six beautiful stanzas, worthy of Campbell or of Mrs. Hemans, yet free from any appearance of imitation or mannerism, and flowing on as unconstrained as if they had welled forth from the hidden fount of verse without an intellectual effort.

The moral of the tale is obvious, and requires no comment. For the absence of distinctively *Christian* sentiment, the time in which the action is laid will account; but we must not conceal, that a similar negation of specifically religious allusion pervades the volume. The feelings with which we closed it would have been saddened by melancholy misgivings as to the most important feature of the author's character, had not her uncle given an assurance in the preface, that, 'as her steady principles were those of a real and well-instructed Christian, so, it was her blessed privilege, in the sound faith of the Church of England, the faith of the martyred Cranmer and the judicious Hooker, to die the death of a real Christian.' Yet, consolatory as this assurance must be to surviving friends, it leaves us to infer, that, 'high in spirits, and presumptuously secure in health,' loving and beloved, a stranger to any deep sorrow, her mind teeming with youthful hopes and ardent imaginings, the authoress had not given that place in her thoughts to the realities of faith and the most serious business of life—'a Christian preparation for eternity,' which they claim alike from young and old, the gay and the mourner, and which, had she anticipated the early and unexpected summons, they would have commanded. Not that there is any thing in these remains to indicate irreligious levity or an estrangement from the Christian faith, but one is led almost to wonder how a young person religiously instructed, could by possibility avoid disclosing an acquaintance with the grounds of the Christian's hope and the source and medium of Christian devotion; how, in so excursive and wide a range through the regions of classical and modern literature, the glorious land of miracles and prophecy and inspired song, should apparently have presented no attraction, the sublime poetry of the Hebrew scriptures have been neglected, and no pilgrim visit have been paid to 'Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God.' There might be, we are aware, an avoidance of such topics as too sacred, too awful,

too high a theme for a youthful hand, prompted by a modest diffidence and reserve; and it would be uncandid to infer, that subjects have no hold upon the thoughts and affections, because they are not made the topics of verse. Still, where the Christian faith is not part and parcel of the law of thought, and does not blend as an element with every pure feeling and high aspiration, there must either be a serious defect in the mental training, or a postponement of religion to the pursuits of literature and the luxuries of fancy. How sweetly, how nobly Sophia Woodrooffe might have touched the sacred harp, we can now judge only from the purity of taste, the unaffected feeling, and the lyrical spirit which are displayed alike in the original and the translated poems. But, if regret is vain, the volume conveys even by its silence a lesson to the young and thoughtless reader, like the touching epitaph in one of Poussin's classical landscapes: '*Et in Arcadia fui.*'

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Art. V. *History of the War of the Independence of the United States of America.* By Charles Botta: translated from the Italian, by George Alexander Otis, Esq. Edinburgh, London, and Glasgow: Fullarton. 1844.

THERE are pages in modern, as well as in ancient history, which cannot be too frequently studied. Their associations extend backward into the past, and forward into the future. The annals of the world, being neither more nor less than the memory of time, are a magazine and museum of all sorts of things, good, bad, and indifferent. But to the eye, which looks lower than the surface, there will appear one golden electric chain of mighty facts, running through the whole. Liberty, with the Magna Charta of the Most High in her hand, by touching skilfully some of the links, will bring to bear a stream of celestial fire upon the dullest individual, or the most torpid multitudes. She will show, how that from the battle of Marathon to the surrender at Yorktown, the conflict between her followers and her foes, has never varied in its general characteristics. The rights of person, property, and conscience, the triple birthright of a people, have been the prize placed before each successive set of combatants. Tyranny would fain trample these in the dust; but freedom would enthrone them in the heart. Peace, then, be with the ashes of those who have contended for the best interests of mankind. We never tire of hearing about our own civil wars, between Charles I. and the Parliament; nor should our ears be slow to listen to the narra-

tives of transatlantic independence. Its achievement has been pronounced, by Sir James Mackintosh, to be the grand event of the eighteenth century. Dr. Botta was a celebrated physician in Piedmont, possessed of all the qualifications and opportunities for becoming what he has proved himself,—a first-rate historian. He may be described as the Thucydides of his subject, with quite as much propriety as Guicciardini; whether we glance at his genius, his diligence, his fidelity, his arrangement of details, his grouping of circumstances, or his impartiality in awarding praise and censure. His very mind seems to have been omnipresent in America, from the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth to the withdrawal of Washington from his labours. His translator is a member of that family so well known, and so highly respected, in the best intellectual circles of New England and Philadelphia. The work is full of idioms and phrases quite peculiar to his own countrymen: but then, it must be remembered, that for them it was principally written. Our readers, we feel certain, will thank us, for a brief sketch of its contents; the more important as they are just now, when Ireland is struggling for her emancipation.

The volume is divided into fifteen books, which are neither more nor less than very long and ample chapters. The first touches upon the manners, customs, and inclinations of the earliest inhabitants of the colonies. When oppression had urged some of the bravest spirits of the seventeenth century into exile, their vessels conveyed across the ocean a freight more precious than gold. Souls, and energies, and intellects,—the seed-corn, so to speak, of a harvest yet to be gathered in, constituted the inestimable cargo. Many of their warmest associations were with the land they had left, to encounter hunger, peril, and nakedness,—all for the sake of civil and religious freedom. This last indeed was the palladium of their affections; yet they still loved dearly the country which gave them birth. Their language spoke of its triumphs and greatness; whilst in their charters and constitutions, both the philosopher and philanthropist might easily trace the vestiges of British institutions. Other nations also sent forth contributions to the future grandeur of America; although these seemed quickly absorbed into the mass of the English emigrants, who stamped their indelible impress upon that portion of the transatlantic continent, extending from the thirty-second to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude. Within these limits were marshes drained, forests felled, rivers restrained, wild beasts extirpated, and savages repelled, amidst much developement of cruelty and injustice, we admit, yet with an indomitable perseverance, allied to fervent piety, such as probably the world may never hope to see again.

These emigrants were to be the ancestors of millions of men, whose office it would be to teach Europe lessons far different from any which she had before learned. Most of them, having quitted their native shores whilst the contest was at the highest between the crown and the people, were eager partizans for popular privileges, as already mentioned. They believed it a right inalienable in all free-born subjects, that property should never be encroached upon without consent from parliament; that the House of Commons only, as representing the people, could make money-grants to the sovereign; that taxes are free-gifts from the governed to their governors; and that all power was a public trust, to be administered by responsible persons for the benefit of the community at large. In other words, they were liberals to the back-bone, saving the hideous and abominable exception of negro slavery. This plague-spot they unhappily neglected to wipe out from their escutcheon. It was borrowed, indeed, originally from ourselves; but let that pass. Within the space of a hundred years from the age of Sir Harry Vane, thirteen colonies had expanded into importance, slightly noticed by British ministers, until the seven years war had brought France and England into collision. The victories of the latter having added Canada to her empire, George III. and his courtiers began to think of enriching their coffers, at the expense of other pockets than those which could make themselves heard in parliament, through the medium of hired members sitting for corrupt boroughs. In 1765 appeared the Stamp Act, which directly or indirectly was to raise the revenue of three hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum. There could be no longer any shadow of mistake about the matter.

After ten years of almost inconceivable vacillation and folly on the part of Great Britain, the war began in 1775. The second, third, and fourth books of Doctor Botta bring us down to the siege of Boston, and the unanimous determination of the Americans to take up arms. Neither the eloquence of Burke, nor the predictions of Chatham, nor the sagacity of Franklin, could suffice to illuminate the understandings of Lord North and his colleagues. It must be admitted, that at first the bulk of the nation was with them, through want of knowledge on the subject, and the overwhelming influence of the aristocracy and clergy. Even Wesley, with many of his followers, could plead for regal prerogative as against what they termed rebellious colonists. Franklin had every now and then been sent for, to confer with ministers, as to the probability or improbability of permanent colonial resistance. The account given by that illustrious individual of such interviews often was,—

'I have deceived the Court of St. James's by simply telling the truth!' And it was really so; since the more he drew attention to facts, the less credit he obtained. English politicians appeared bent upon mistaking their hopes and wishes for solid arguments. But at length the brazen trumpet was blown, and all verbal remonstrances died away amidst the smoke and bloodshed of Lexington and Bunker's Hill. Congress now formally met, and George Washington was elected Captain-general of their forces. The American population was then under three millions, without artillery, arsenals, or magazines, but with a good cause, much popular enthusiasm, several virtuous and able leaders, and the best wishes of Europe on their side. They had to fight, moreover, for their own hearths and homes. Wives, sisters, friends, and children were living and looking on around, as close and interested spectators of the conflict. Nevertheless finances had to be found, the Indians were to be conciliated, and the Canadians allured if possible. To rescue these last, General Montgomery marched to Montreal, and afterwards to Quebec, where an honourable grave awaited him. Meanwhile, Sir William Howe headed the royal army, after it had been demonstrated only too late, how well the patriots could stand fire, or assail a province. At home, even toryism began to express surprise that the war, scarcely commenced, was not already over. The opposition found more ready listeners in anticipating difficulties and disasters. Vaticinations that France would espouse the severance of America from her ancient rival were uttered with all the confidence of certainty; nor ever were debates more violent in the House of Commons than those which followed the king's speech for the session of 1776. German mercenaries had swelled the British forces to upwards of forty thousand effective men, amidst a variety of murmurs from almost every quarter. At Newfoundland, an irruption of the ocean had desolated our fisheries. At Boston, the besiegers had become themselves besieged. Commerce caught the alarm. London and Bristol presented petitions, which 'expatiated upon the lives about to be sacrificed, the treasure to be expended, the new enemies to be encountered. They represented that the obstinacy of the colonists would render even victory too costly; that the victor and the vanquished would be involved in one common ruin. They exhorted, they prayed, they conjured the government to renounce hostile resolutions, which promised no good and threatened so many disasters.'

But the die was cast. The British were forced to evacuate the capital of Massachusetts, which General Washington immediately occupied. Privateers began to swarm upon the ocean, to the temporary ruin of our coasting trade, and the per-

petual humiliation of our marine. In both the Carolinas little else than disappointment seemed the lot attendant upon our best efforts. Royal commissioners had left London for America with gracious offers of pardon from his majesty, just when the gallant Congress were debating about their celebrated Declaration of Independence. This was at length announced with great solemnity, at Philadelphia, on the 8th of July, 1776. Salvoes of ordnance were fired; popular clamour rent the air; the people seemed delirious with exultation. At New York, three days afterwards, a *leaden* statue of George the Third (how appropriate the metal) was taken down, and dragged through the streets, that it might be converted into musket balls. At Baltimore, the effigy of this same sovereign became the sport of the populace, and was burnt in the public square. Throughout New England and Virginia a similar spirit prevailed. The remarks of our author will be thought calm and sensible, when he observes,—

‘ Thus, on the one hand, the American patriots, by their secret manœuvres, and then by a daring resolution, and on the other, the British ministers, at first by oppressive laws, and afterwards by hesitating counsels, and the employment of inadequate forces, gave origin to a crisis, which eventually produced the entire dismemberment of a splendid and powerful empire. So constant are men in the pursuit of liberty; and so obstinate in ambition. But also so timid are they in their resolutions, and even more prompt to warn their enemy of his danger by threats than to overwhelm him by force. It is certain that the English ministers wanted either sagacity to foresee the evil, or energy to remedy it. The tumults of America had broken out, as it were unobserved: till at length, swollen like an overflowing river, they acquired such an impetuosity as to sweep before them the impotent dikes, with which it was attempted too late to oppose them.’—p. 215.

There can now be no question, on reviewing the whole contest, together with its preliminaries, that we first bullied when we ought to have conciliated; and hesitated when we ought to have acted. Our armies, however, were augmented with foreign mercenaries; and General Howe, in conjunction with his brother the admiral, commenced their combined operations against the state of New York, precisely when it was boiling over with joy at the recent declaration of independence. The battle of Brooklyn, on Long Island, where Washington is said to have shed honourable tears at the fearful carnage made among his brave, yet irregular militia, threw the Liverpool of America into the hands of her enemy. New Jersey was rapidly overrun; Philadelphia was threatened; General Lee was captured through his own carelessness; the tomahawk of savage tribes degraded and

afflicted both parties, in almost equal degrees; the campaign in Canada produced results, to say the least, doubtful for the present: so that, under Divine Providence, nothing could have saved the infant republic but the Fabian policy so ably carried out by Washington. The dictatorial powers, with which Congress of necessity had invested him, rather illustrated his own character, than really strengthened his hands. It was to foreign aid that all eyes were turned,—not to admit a master, but to emancipate a continent. The maritime prowess of England had long rendered her an object of jealousy to the continental powers. The Court of Versailles, relying upon its family compact for assistance from Spain, only waited until she could extort the best terms for herself from the new republicans. Her efforts had been incessant for some time, to effect retrenchment in her expenditure, and apply their savings to the reparation of her fleets and dockyards. Meanwhile Doctor Franklin appeared at Paris, an object of intense interest to the inhabitants of that gay metropolis. His simplicity of life, the fame of his talents and philosophy, and probably also his notorious coincidence with themselves in much of their irreligion, attracted all classes. His portraits caught the eye in almost every dwelling. His humorous and grave aphorisms made many compare him to Socrates. His whole aspect was a novelty most acceptable to the palled tastes of luxurious and voluptuous satiety. It was anticipated, moreover, that the cause of American independence, which he so ably represented, would gratify the ambition of the French in helping them to humble England: as, indeed, it did most effectually in the sequel. Great Britain stood in need of punishment for her oppression, presumption, and incapacity; nor was she long in obtaining a most abundant and profitable share of it.

The expedition of Burgoyne, in 1777, was to open a way to New York from the northern lakes to Albany and the banks of the Hudson. All intercourse would thus have been cut off between the eastern and western provinces, so that resistance on the part of the patriots could scarcely have had a gleam of hope afterwards. The British general, full of self-confidence, with an army of many thousand men, a complete train of artillery, and a numerous horde of savages, invested Ticonderoga on the first of July. This fortress is upon the western bank of that narrow inlet, which connects lake George with lake Champlain. The Americans now had to withdraw from before the British, after enormous losses; whilst their enemy haughtily advanced through a tract of country then rough and overgrown, besides being intersected with innumerable creeks and morasses. Trees had been felled and locked together,—

trenches were dug from side to side of every valley, through which a passage might be sought,—and parties of sharpshooters infested every thicket to impede the progress of Burgoyne. On that general at length emerging from the forests, on the real banks of the Hudson, he vainly imagined that a glorious triumph was at hand. General Schuyler, his opponent, had done all that an able commander could do under the circumstances; but notwithstanding the support of Washington his personal friend, he was superseded by Gates, an officer popular with Congress, and already celebrated for several partisan achievements. It was the 19th of September, when the first regular engagement terminated in no decisive results upon either side; except that to the English, every serious detention was equivalent to the loss of a battle, as provisions got scarce and the Indians refractory. They had been induced to rely upon assistance from General Clinton, who, it was hoped, would forward them succours from New York, to facilitate a junction between himself and Burgoyne at Albany. The latter had now exchanged his brightest hopes for the direst apprehensions. October had arrived. Several most severe and disastrous skirmishes had deprived him of many gallant supporters, and considerably disheartened his troops. The advances made, subsequently to the drawn battle of the 19th, had augmented his perplexities. In the neighbourhood of Saratoga, his position was that of a lion amidst the toils of his hunters, without the possibility of escape. Gates, by a long series of masterly manœuvres, had drawn him on towards destruction. Within a few days, it exceeded the power of words to describe his pitiable condition.

‘ The soldiers, worn down by hard toil, incessant effort, and stubborn action; abandoned by the Indians and Canadians; the whole army reduced by repeated and heavy losses, from 10,000 combatants to less than 5,000 effective fighting men, of whom little more than 3,000 men were English. In these circumstances, and in this state of weakness, they were invested by an army four times their own number, extending through three parts out of four, in a circle all around them; but who refused to fight from a knowledge of their own condition; and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked successfully on any quarter. In this helpless situation, obliged to lie constantly on their arms, while a continued cannonade pervaded all the camp, and even rifle and grape shot fell in every part of their lines, the troops of Burgoyne retained their ordinary constancy, and while sinking under hard necessity, showed themselves worthy of a better fate. Nor could they be reproached with any action or word which betrayed a want of temper or fortitude. At length, no succours appearing, and no rational ground of any hope remaining, an exact account of provisions was taken on the morning of the 13th October, when it was found that the whole stock would

afford no more than three days' bare subsistence for the army. In such a state it was alike impossible to advance or remain as they were; and the longer they delayed to take a definitive resolution, the more desperate became their distress. Burgoyne, therefore, immediately called a council of war, at which not only the generals and field officers, but all the captains of companies were invited to assist. While they deliberated, the bullets of the Americans whistled around them, and frequently pierced even the tent where the council was convened. It was determined unanimously to open a treaty, and enter into a convention with the American general.'—p. 294.

Considerable moderation was manifested by the triumphant patriots. The articles were settled on the 15th of October, and were to be signed on the morning of the 17th instant, when, strange to say, late in the night of the intervening day, an express reached the camp, that Clinton would be shortly at hand. Ideas of rescue revived in the breasts of some, but it was almost universally felt that the British troops were from exhaustion, no longer able to handle their arms, and that the public faith had already been engaged. Through magnanimous tenderness towards the feelings of the vanquished, General Gates ordered his troops to retire within their lines, that they might not witness the shame of their adversaries when they piled their arms. Verily, he that overcometh his spirit is better than he that taketh a city! He gained by the capitulation the surrender of a magnificent train of fine brass artillery, amounting to forty-two pieces of different sorts and sizes, 4,600 muskets, an enormous quantity of ammunition—grievously needed by the republicans—besides all the prisoners. Such was the fate of this celebrated expedition, conceived in overweening confidence, and conducted to its disgraceful termination, through want of combined action between the generals commanding in Canada and those in the province of New York. When the British made their way along the lakes of Champlain and St. George, Sir William Howe, instead of ascending the Hudson, moved upon the Delaware. When Burgoyne captured Ticonderoga, Howe set out against Philadelphia! Who could be surprised at the result of hardihood without wisdom,—of profuse preparation without unanimity of purpose?

It was a dark day for England when the news arrived. France quickened her preparations. De la Fayette and others had embarked with all their heart and soul in the cause of liberty; nor ever were individual disinterestedness and enthusiasm more beautifully attractive. Meanwhile, there were abundant catastrophes to act as so many sets-off against the brilliant achievement at Saratoga. Washington had plucked his country like a brand out of the fire at Trenton; but his

noblest reputation was won in the deepest adversity. Sir William Howe had fought and gained the great battle of the Brandywine, which gave the royalists Philadelphia: nor did the subsequent most severe action at Germanstown at all shake his position. As winter came on, the British and Americans withdrew into their respective quarters; the former, surrounded with every comfort in a handsome city, the latter merely *huddled*, as it was termed, in temporary hovels hastily erected at Valley Forge, a deep and rugged hollow on the west side of the Schuylkill, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. These wretched abodes were made of logs filled in with mortar. When the republican army commenced its march thither, the cold was already intense. Some soldiers were seen to drop down dead from its severity. Others, without shoes, had their feet wounded by the ice, so as to mark their tracks with blood. When once encamped, their position was, in a military sense, perhaps, impregnable; but on no occasion, in modern times, had deeper destitution to be endured. Upon one occasion, the state of the magazines proved to be such, that there was scarcely full provision even for a single day. Hunger alone would have generated the seeds of mutiny, had not overpowering attachment to their leader silenced all complaints. A few had one shirt; many only the moiety of one; and the greater part no rag of personal linen whatever. Blankets for night were as rare as decent habiliments for the day. The celebrated regiment of Falstaff found its antitype in the troops of Congress. The want of straw compelled them to sleep on the bare and humid ground; so that fever and dysentery as rapidly replenished the hospitals as death evacuated them. Three thousand were often on the sick lists at the same time. Out of seventeen thousand on the muster-rolls, not more than five could have manned their lines, had Sir William Howe offered to attack them. This, however, he never attempted; absorbed as his officers were in gaiety, luxury, and dissipation. The quiet yet wealthy capital of Pennsylvania seemed a kind of Capua to the royalists, without their having such laurels, as Hannibal had, to rest under, and forfeit the meed of glory through a premature contemplation of their past labours. Sir Henry Clinton at length succeeded to the command on the resignation of General Howe. No access of vigour or judicious management followed upon the change. In parliament, Lord Chatham proposed his plan of conciliation, but was unable to procure its adoption. Ministers had to run the gauntlet of augmented unpopularity, yet they were resolved to continue the war. Fresh reinforcements were enlisted, and recourse was even had to voluntary benevolence, which, although unconstitutional as proposed by Lord North, produced

wonderful results. Liverpool and Manchester each raised, at their own expense, a thousand men. Edinburgh and Glasgow imitated their example. The Highlanders of Scotland descended from their craggy fastnesses to rally round the royal standard. There was now no pretender to engage their unreflecting loyalty, so that their natural regard for the 'right divine of kings to govern wrong,' developed itself in favour even of a Hanoverian sovereign. They also followed their lords and lairds, who had for a half a generation discovered that Toryism no where so happily flourishes as within the warm precincts of prerogative. London and Bristol leaned to the liberal side, peremptorily refusing to countenance any municipal levies, but each allowing private individuals to subscribe 20,000*l.* against French machinations. Louis the Sixteenth had acknowledged the independence of the United States, and concluded a treaty with them on the 6th of February, 1778. Hostilities ensued, with but brief delay, between France and England.

From this point all reflecting politicians, except those bound in chains to the chariot wheels of a reckless cabinet, must have discerned the unavoidable issue of the contest. Not but that bitter disappointment at first awaited the expectants of an immediate triumph from the French alliance. The Court of Versailles mainly wished to mortify Great Britain at as small an amount of cost as possible; and, therefore, it for some time did little and professed much. Its greediest gaze settled upon the West Indies, where alone indemnification could be hoped for, through the seizure of some of our rich sugar colonies. Meanwhile, over sea and land spread the horrible conflagrations of warfare. As usual, when it was too late, the British administration resorted to conciliatory measures, amidst immense mockery and derision, the more galling, because felt to be deserved. Of course they were productive of no other results, since contempt was thus allied with hatred. Many such massacres as that of Wyoming had before this period occurred, of which the memory has now perished, perhaps for no other reason than *quia vate carent!* Campbell having immortalized the tragedy of the Susquehannah, our readers may not object to a glimpse, in plain prose, of what will seldom be read without tears. Some inhabitants from Connecticut had formed the settlement, and laid it out in eight townships, on the road to Oswego. The mildness of the climate answered to the fertility of the soil. 'All lived in a happy mediocrity, frugal of their own, and coveting nothing from others. Incessantly occupied in rural toils, they avoided idleness and all the evils of which it is the source. In a word, this little country presented in reality an image of those fabulous times which the poets have described

under the name of the Golden Age. But their domestic felicity was no counterpoise to the zeal with which they were animated for the common cause. They took up arms and flew to succour their country. It is said they had furnished to the army no less than a thousand soldiers; a number truly prodigious for so small a population, and so happy in their homes. Yet, notwithstanding the drain of all their vigorous youth, the abundance of harvest sustained no diminution. Their crowded granaries, and pastures replenished with fat cattle, offered an exhaustless resource to the American forces.' Party opinion seems to have been the first serpent that crept into this paradise. Toryism happened to have received some personal slights from the warmer republicans of Wyoming. It vowed revenge, and called in the Indians! Alecto could have done no more, nor Satan himself. About the commencement of July, 1778, the savages rushed upon their prey; indiscriminate slaughter ensued, until the tomahawk, satiated with butchery, paused through weariness. The living were, however, only reserved for tortures. Men, women, and children were promiscuously huddled into a barrack and there burnt alive, as our druidical forefathers used to propitiate their grim idols. Crops of every description were consigned to the flames. A few days before the land was as the garden of Eden; but when the barbarians had let loose both the fire and sword upon it, the smoke from blackened ruins went up towards heaven as the smoke of a furnace. The slight garrison found in the fort of Wilkesbarre were destroyed with torments that may not be described. Even the beasts of the field could find no mercy from these human savages, who deliberately cut out their tongues and left them amidst scenes of desolation, to die a lingering death! Captain Bedlock met a destiny more dreadful than that of Regulus, since he was literally impaled upon splinters of pine-wood stuck all over his body, until at length, something like caprice rather than humanity, consumed him with two of his companions, to ashes upon a funeral pile. 'The Tories appeared to vie with, and even to surpass, the savages in barbarity. One of them, whose mother had married a second husband, butchered her with his own hand, and afterwards massacred his father-in-law, his own sisters, and *their infants in the cradle!* Another killed his own father, and exterminated all his family! A third imbrued his hands in the blood of his brothers, his sisters, his father-in-law, and his brother-in-law. These were a part only of the horrors perpetrated by the loyalists and Indians. Other atrocities, if possible, still more abominable, we leave in silence. Those who had survived the massacres were no less worthy of commiseration; they were women and children, who had

escaped to the woods, at the time their husbands and fathers expired under the blows of the barbarians. Dispersed and wandering in the forests, as chance and fear directed their steps, without clothes, without food, without guides, these defenceless fugitives suffered every degree of distress. Several of the women were delivered alone in the woods, at a great distance from every possibility of relief. The most robust and resolute alone escaped ; the others perished ; their bodies, and those of their helpless infants, became the prey of wild beasts. Thus the most flourishing colony then existing in America was totally erased !' This infernal excision of Wyoming will never be forgotten.

Upon a larger scale, blood flowed like water in various quarters. The French captured Dominica and the English St. Lucia. On the American continent our ministers and generals had determined to direct their greatest efforts against the southern parts of the confederation. It was conceived that there were more secret loyalists there ; and that Georgia and Carolina could better feed an invading force than the northern states, already devastated or exhausted. Enormous tracts of country were accordingly overrun by invaders, who could only retain them until the republican militia or volunteers had mustered in sufficient numbers to drive their assailants into the cities and strongholds. The islands of St. Vincent and Grenada meanwhile fell into the hands of Count d'Estaing, who, after a naval action with Admiral Byron, sailed for Savannah, the capital of Georgia, which he besieged in conjunction with General Lincoln, although without success. His intention was to return forthwith to Europe, but a violent tempest dispersed his ships and sadly baffled any hope entertained of enriching himself with British prizes. Congress having been made, as was asserted, a mere cat's-paw by France to assist her in the acquisition of important sugar-colonies, warmly remonstrated against his withdrawal. Verily the flag of England had seldom been seen to less advantage, since the days of the Dutch wars, after the Restoration : and Spain had now cast her blunted sword into the scale against the Queen of the seas. But the infant republic, about whose cradle so many nations were contending, was at the present crisis, far enough from being itself in a healthy or vigorous state. Lethargy had seized upon all public spirit. What was plainly the grand concern of all, appeared to have lost its power of practically affecting each individual. Washington beheld the scene with undiminished confidence as to the ultimate results, but with ten thousand apprehensions for the immediate honour of his countrymen. They intensely abhorred their former masters : they resolved to stand to the last by liberty and independence ; but the sacrifices already rendered, disinclined them

to further personal exertions. France and Spain were now too perfectly committed against Great Britain to forsake their cause until the struggle should have reached its issue, although both these powers enjoyed little current popularity, through their manifest selfishness and lukewarmness. The seeds of those evils also began to appear above ground, which have since blossomed into commercial dishonesty and Pennsylvanian repudiation.

Botta observes,—

‘ Nor were the Americans chargeable only with indifference, for there prevailed amongst them the most shameless thirst after gain,—an unbridled desire for riches, no matter by what means acquired. The most illicit, the most disgraceful ways, were no obstacle to this devouring passion. As it happens but too often in political revolutions, there had sprang up a race of men, who sought to take private advantage of the public distress. Dependence or independence, liberty or no liberty, were [was] all one to them, provided they could fatten on the substance of the state. While good citizens were wasting themselves in camps, or in the discharge of other arduous functions; while they were devoting to their country their time, their estates, their very existence, these insatiable robbers were plundering and sharing out, without a blush, the public plunder and private fortunes. All contracts became the object of their usurious interference and nefarious gains: all army supplies enriched them with peculations; and the state often paid dearly for what it never obtained. Nor let any imagine that the most sincere and virtuous friends of their country ever made so pompous a parade of their zeal! To hear these vile beings, they were only animated with genuine and glowing patriotism. Every citizen of eminent rank, or invested with any public authority whatever, who refused to connive at their rapines, was immediately denounced as tory, lukewarm royalists sold to England. It would seem that the first duty of those who governed the republic, in times of such distress, was to fill the coffers of these flaming patriots. That their own praises should always have hung upon their lips is not to be wondered at, for there never has existed a robber who has not been first a cheat; but what seems really strange, and almost staggers belief, is that they could have found dupes and partisans. This public pest spread wider every day: it had already gangrened the very heart of the state! The good were silenced, the corrupt plumed themselves upon their effrontery; every thing presaged an approaching ruin. *It was the hope of England.* Shall we attempt to penetrate the causes of so great a change in a nation once so distinguished for the purity of its manners?’—  
pp. 411—412.

Without pretending to enumerate them all, one can hardly help seeing that large allowances must be made, in the very commencement, for the natural selfishness of mankind: *trahit sua quemque voluptas.* The profession of political liberalism was not conversion of the heart. On the other hand, it

is but too probable, that the excitement attendant upon all vast national changes, of itself throws the mind and understanding off their balance, so as to withdraw, in some degree, several of those checks which operate at other times in favour of external virtue. Then again, it must be remembered, that warfare demoralizes wherever it rages; not only letting loose the darker passions of revenge and fury, but also generally lowering the standard of right and wrong. Revolutionary governments, moreover, are of necessity driven to strange resources and singular instruments. Usurers hover round them, ever ready to reap gold from their necessities, and the example grows contagious. If competition be keen, the spirit of mammon will call both patriotism and its counterfeit into the field. Besides which, there was before the civil contests but very little coined money in America: the sudden influx of troops brought large quantities of specie with them, together with a tide of profligacy and luxury, sufficient to corrupt a class, if not a generation. Congress, at the same period, found themselves obliged to issue such an enormous amount of paper, that the circulating medium ran through the wheels of an ever changing lottery. A silver dollar, in 1779, came to be worth forty paper ones; an almost incredible statement, yet perfectly verified by the documents and accounts of that day. Hence the commonest affairs of life degenerated rapidly into more or less of gambling transactions. The several states of the Union also emitted their bills, as if to render the universal bankruptcy 'confusion worse confounded.' When matters were investigated, it was discovered, that in the September of the year last mentioned, the confederation was literally responsible for 159,948,882 dollars! Lord North, we regret to add, was not ashamed to forge the notes of the new republic, that through the falsification of its credit, its pecuniary difficulties might be multiplied. Entire chests of these spurious bills were forwarded from England, of which so perfect was the execution, that scarcely could a practised eye detect the fraud. Through the quiet loyalists, scattered up and down the country, these were pushed upon the widest scale into general circulation, and sorely embarrassed every kind of public transaction. 'Unquestionably it was neither the first time, nor the last, that this mode of making war was had recourse to. It will nevertheless be always held in abhorrence by good men, for public faith should always be respected even amongst enemies; and of all perfidies is there one more frightful, and especially more vile, than counterfeiting money?' We feel certain that Washington would have recoiled from such a step; and it is said that Sir Henry Clinton only yielded most reluctantly to the overbearing dictation on this point, from the court of St. James's, no long

while after the very sovereign of that court had set public opinion, together with his whole clergy and aristocracy for once at defiance, in hanging Doctor Dodd for the crime he was himself countenancing. 'From such an alarming depreciation, it followed that not only all purses were closed, and that the markets, scantily and with extreme difficulty supplied, became the objects of continual murmurs,—but *even that the faith of contracts was violated, and that individual probity every where relaxed.* With little, debtors acquitted themselves of much towards their creditors. Very few at first resorted to this unworthy expedient, but as evil propagates itself more rapidly than good, a multitude of citizens stained themselves with the same reproach. Herein the faithless and avaricious proved themselves no respecters of persons. Washington often experienced this odious action from some whom he had generously succoured in their necessities.' Party spirit and general distress may be appended to the list of causes, which undermined the social uprightness of America, more than sixty years ago, and through which, so great has grown her pecuniary degradation at the present moment, that the roguery of our own Cabal, in shutting up the exchequer under Charles II. bids fair to pass into oblivion.

The spotless commander-in-chief, however, had not only to suffer in his purse, but calumny even dared to strike at his character. It was indeed all in vain, since he came out of the ordeal unscathed, and from that hour remained enshrined in the affections of his people. He had quitted his natural fortress at Valley Forge for another at Morristown, which enabled him to countermine the best concerted projects of the British, and at the same time preserve his communications with Congress, of which he was the actual head, as well as its right hand. The year 1780 was remarkable for many events in Europe, such as the accession of Holland to the continental league, the armed neutrality, the siege of Gibraltar, and the important incidents, which however far removed from the scene of the war in America, materially contributed towards its ultimate issue. Our historian has well traced out the tangled story, whilst, as he justly observes, the grand campaign of the Carolinas demonstrated the uncertainty of arms: 'victory often produced the effects of defeat, and defeat those of victory; the victor frequently became the vanquished, the vanquished the victor. In little actions was exhibited great valour, and the prosperous or unfortunate efforts of a handful of combatants had sometimes more important consequences than in Europe attend those terrible battles, where valiant and powerful nations rush, as it were *en masse* to the shock of conflict.' Sir Henry Clinton had resolved to add the conquest of Charlestown, with its wealthy province to that of

Georgia. After immense efforts he succeeded. Colonel Tarleton also defeated the republicans at Wacsaw: whilst Lord Cornwallis consolidated, as he vainly imagined, the restoration of royal authority from Florida to the frontiers of Virginia. Those, who love military details, may discover enough to satisfy them in the actions of Camden, the Cowpens, and Guildford, in the various pursuits and retreats of troops marching and countermarching, or in the notorious treason, in another quarter, of General Arnold, and the melancholy execution of Major André. The patriotic enthusiasm of the South Carolinian ladies is more to our taste, nor did the English anywhere commit a greater error, than when they condescended to banish them for their liberalism, and confiscate their property. In every affair of public interest, 'general opinion never manifests itself with more energy, than when women take part in it, with all the life of their imagination. Less powerful, as well as less stable, when calm, than that of men, it is far more vehement and pertinacious, when roused and inflamed.' Sundry cruel edicts, on the part of Lord Cornwallis, relative to other matters, also tended to exasperate the entire Union. The reverses at Charleston touched American honour to the quick, and from that moment it was as though the first love of the revolution had revived again. Changes came over the spirit of their dreams. Washington fanned the flame. His own consort, worthy of her husband, placed herself at the head of her sex in Pennsylvania, so that an organization was formed for stimulating every class to exertion. Immense sums were collected for lodgment in the national chest, whence they were to be taken out and distributed in bounties to such particular soldiers as should merit them, and in augmentation of pay to all. Imitation of such benevolence became universal. A bank was also established upon the most liberal principles, with a basis both extensive and attractive. Money now flowed in more steadily to support governmental operations, and France advanced rather a handsome loan. A kind of Guerilla opposition to the sovereignty of George III. broke out in numerous localities, of which, as specimens, we may take the followers of Colonel Sumpter, no obscure name in the mighty struggle. His people possessed neither pay, uniform, nor any certain means of subsistence. They were freebooters, living like Donald Bean Lean in Waverley, upon what accident or their own courage provided them. Without regular weapons, they learned to handle with strange and horrible success the implements of peaceful husbandry. Instead of leaden balls they cast pewter bullets out of the plates which patriots cheerfully gave them for that purpose. They were known several times to encounter the

enemy with only three charges of ammunition, and the most precious point in their eyes of any advantages gained over the British, lay in the muskets and cartridges which they acquired at the expense of the vanquished. During a combat, such as had no arms would quietly lie down on the ground, or stand aside in thickets until the death or wounds of their comrades might enable them to take their places. In very deed and truth they were what the Roman lyrist calls a *gens prodiga vitae*: and how deeply seated must have been the love of liberty, to summon from industrial pursuits such Spartan battalions. Even the prowess of Great Britain quailed before them.

The following year, 1781, at length terminated the bloody drama. The Dutch, French, and Spanish armaments encountered our flag upon the ocean with various fortunes. The first suffered fearfully in their commerce and lost St. Eustatius; the second retaliated upon the English with considerable success, captured Tobago and St. Christopher's, succoured the Cape of Good Hope and acquired Minorca; the third seized upon West Florida and entirely failed upon Gibraltar. All shewed themselves in combined and most tremendous force in the British channel. In America the actions of Hobkirk and Eutaw Springs distinguished the southern campaigns; whilst Lord Cornwallis, watched and overmanaged by Washington, was successfully allured into the trap prepared for him at Yorktown in Virginia. Here the American commander-in-chief, supported by the French, won his conclusive victory. Our native flotilla of twenty-two sail, one hundred and sixty pieces of artillery, with seven thousand troops, exclusive of seamen, became the splendid prize of the conquerors. Royalism was now prostrated in the dust, from New England to the Gulf of Mexico; Philadelphia had long been given up; the cities of New York, Charleston, and Savannah, alone remained in our hands towards the close of October. On the fourth of the following March, in 1782, General Conway proposed and carried his resolution in the House of Commons, that those who should advise His Majesty to continued hostilities were enemies to their country. This produced the retirement of Lord North, whose inglorious administration was succeeded by that of Lord Rockingham. All that could be hoped for, was, that some favourable event at sea might possibly repair the national misfortunes, so as to secure something like fair terms in the approaching treaty for peace. This brings Dr. Botta to his fifteenth and final book, in which he gives the best description we ever remember to have seen of Lord Rodney's memorable engagement on the 12th of April.

This triumph, together with our success at Gibraltar,

and the new empire we were rapidly acquiring in India, enabled us to make the peace of Versailles, on the 20th of January, 1783. We ceded to France some possessions in the West Indies, which we have since recovered; to Spain the Floridas and Minorca; and to America—Independence! We extended our Newfoundland fisheries, secured our Asiatic conquests, and broke up the armed neutrality: but the war added one hundred millions to our national debt, and cost us from forty to fifty thousand lives. In the position which, under the influence of toryism, we had taken up contrary to the freedom of mankind, we were righteously and ignominiously defeated. We trust that similar policy will never fail to encounter similar results.

And now for the lessons of wisdom to be learned by the present, as well as every future government. Let just concession be always made, before coercion steps forward to deprive it of its gracefulness. The achievement of American independence has quickened the circulation of mind throughout the world. It has passed a sentence of deposition or banishment against regal tyranny, wherever it may again presume to rear its head, with the exception, perhaps, of Russia and Turkey, whose time has not yet come. Yet, generally speaking, there is scarcely a throne in Europe which has not directly or indirectly felt its influence. Our own islands, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and some of the states of Germany have clearly done so: and who fails to see that upon the growth of sound liberalism in Great Britain and Ireland, the future fortunes, under Divine Providence, of all India will turn;—to say nothing of China and the other eastern empires about to be embraced within the circle of our commercial energies? In mentioning Ireland, however, we are forcibly reminded of a larger amount of wrong to be redressed, within a day's sail of our own doors, than that which provoked transatlantic resistance against the sceptre of George III. From New England to Georgia, much less than three millions of our fellow-subjects confederated against the yoke of the mother country: in the sister kingdom, we have forfeited the affection of more than double that number. America after all, to a very great extent, governed herself, and was slightly interfered with as to the inalienable rights of man. Ireland has been treated for ages as a conquered province, without possessing even ordinary municipal privileges, until within the last few years. When forcibly united to this island, by an Act carried by perfidy and oppression, she owed only £40,000,000: her resources now bear the burden, with slight differential exceptions, of more than twenty times that amount. With a population of eight millions and a half, she has one hundred and five representatives in the Lower House, against

five hundred and sixty-three English and Scotch members, returned by a census amounting only to a duplication of her own. We write in round numbers, yet with abundantly sufficient accuracy to enforce our meaning. Above all, she is afflicted with a church establishment intolerable to seven-eighths of her children, whilst by more than six millions and a half its doctrines are deemed as heretical, as its domination is odious. The revenue which Lord North would fain have extorted from the colonies was about £300,000 per annum; the Anglican hierarchy of Ireland pocket £450,000 as an annual composition for tithes modified to the extent of twenty-five per cent., besides the rich glebes of eleven hundred livings, together with the palaces, churches, deaneries, dignities, and episcopal incomes of upwards of thirty bishoprics condensed into twelve, founded and endowed by those whom their present holders now consider as having belonged to the Babylon of the Revelations. For years past have the sons of Erin been organizing themselves under an able leader for a total reversal of the current order of things. The combustibles are all prepared,—the trains are ready laid,—the matches are lighted. A numerous priesthood, popular and identified with the cause they patronise, are on the watch day and night for the first favourable opportunity. Where is the wisdom of administration? Where is the foresight of the premier? Sir Robert Peel cannot plead ignorance of Ireland, since he came early into office as her secretary: so much more therefore is required of him. Are the perambulations of an antiquated, though noble commissioner, to quell the disturbances of Tipperary? Is not Ireland, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, *occupied* rather than governed? Are twenty thousand bayonets the *horrida seges*, the spiky rampart, behind which alone civilization is to sow her seeds, and reap her harvests? Is not the chasm every moment widening between the two countries? Have not the last decade of years presented many frightful points of analogy with the periods from 1765 to 1775? If the sister realm be more immediately within our grasp, is she not also all the nearer to those foreign potentates jealous of our ascendancy, and ardent to behold us in difficulties? What more will the Orange lodges be able to do for toryism than the loyalists, so vainly relied on, were able to effect in the struggling United States? In rendering strict justice to Ireland, we shall in fact only be doing justice to ourselves; nor need we ever but feel perfectly confident, that the path of honour will be found the genuine path of safety. We could well endure the severance of the thirteen colonies, and in many respects are all the better for the separation, but a dissolution of the union with Ireland, achieved

by violence, by rebellion at home and foreign aid from abroad, would undermine our mountain of strength, shiver the talisman of our imperial dominion, and convince all mankind that we deserve to fall ; since the experience of previous generations will have been expended upon us in vain !

In taking our leave of Dr. Botta and his translator, we could have wished for a more distinct and continuous recognition of Divine Providence, than appears in the history. Ascriptions to 'Fortune' and 'Destiny,' neither become the catholic nor the protestant. It is the 'most High God who alone rules over the affairs of men, and disposes of them with unerring wisdom. America may one day discover that even the present world is a tribunal for nations, when the wrongs of the Indian and the Negro shall rise out of the dust of ages, and demand retribution at the hands of the posterity of their oppressors. We have all much to learn in this respect, and the sooner we learn it the better.

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Art. VI.—1. *A Pamphlet in Defence of the Game Laws, in Reply to the Assailants ; and on their Effects on the Morals of the Poor.* By the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley. London : 1845.

2. *Speech of John Bright, Esq., M.P., on the Motion for a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the Operation of the Game Laws.* 'Times' Newspaper, February 28, 1845.

THERE are two features in the present times which not only distinguish them favourably from the past, but which, on the security of some deeply-seated social laws, promise to be characteristic of the indefinite future. The one of these is the increased and ever-increasing influence of public opinion, as compared with the crude and naked force of law and the power of the conventionally great.

And in this we do not so much rejoice, because it consists with that first axiom which the unassisted perception of every human understanding adopts,—that the opinions and interests of the few must yield to those of the many,—as because we see in this great fact the incipient triumph of the universal empire of reason and justice ; because in it seems to be involved the deepest welfare of the species ; and because, simultaneously with its growing development, those blessings of education and religion are descending upon society at large, under the influence of which it must ultimately reach the highest and most glorious results.

The second feature which may be derived not very indirectly

from the first, is, that the cardinal evils which afflict society, and which are most strongly fortified by usage, prejudice, and conventional power, seem to be decaying, and in some instances to perish, chiefly through the efforts of their advocates to maintain them. Who can doubt that an impetus which could hardly have been derived from elsewhere, accrued to the popular movement which swept away our nomination boroughs, from the insane declaration of the Duke of Wellington—then at the helm of government—that no parliamentary reform whatever was necessary; and that, had he to frame a constitution for a new country, he would stereotype the hideous deformities of our own? As little can it be doubted, that the efforts—dictated alike by the spirit of freedom and the principles of spiritual religion—against the abominations of the established church of this realm, derive their most powerful aids from the imperious phantasies of the very heads of that church. The sly and sinister policy of a Blomfield, and the wrong-headed, uncalculating assumption of a Philpotts, the theoretic laxity,—out-heroding Paley himself,—of the bishop of Norwich on the momentous question of doctrinal subscription, and the mad Puseyite freaks of timid rectors, stolid professors, and hair-brained curates, are so effectually doing the work which christian fidelity imposes on dissenters, as even to give some colour of propriety to that supineness from which it costs so much effort to arouse the more somnolent members of our community: insomuch that we hardly know whether the waking inquiry of some of our body, ‘*CUI BONO BISHOPS?*’ is much more rational than the advice of others, prostrate in ‘a languor which is not repose,’ and which might be conveyed in the vulgar adage: ‘*Give them rope enough, and they'll hang themselves.*’

On the same principle, a few Carlton-Club elections—Cambridge elections, for example—which induce even high-minded men to court the ignominious brand of disfranchisement, will probably do quite as much for the cause of parliamentary reform as the energies of lecturers and the serious philanthropy of societies.

And so, too, in the matter of the Game Laws, to which we now propose to confine our remarks. Magistrates may continue to condemn them; the newspaper press may expose their turpitude; coroners’ juries may record their remonstrances, and county rates their mute, but most impressive evidence; but we are much mistaken if two or three Grantley Berkeleys (supposing more than one of that Phoenix genus to exist) will not finish the business in a far more direct and satisfactory manner.

At this ‘*summa dies et ineluctabile tempus*’ in the longevity of the Game Laws, we cannot hope, nor shall we attempt, to ad-

duce any new argument for their removal. Our object will be briefly to review the character and effects of those laws, and then to notice the arguments for their continuance urged by Mr. Berkley in the pamphlet before us.

The privileges conferred by the Game Laws, like other manorial rights, must be classed among the remains of the feudal system. They are not, it is true, the worst remains of that decaying and pestilential *régime*. The most mischievous of these, unquestionably, is the hereditary descent of legislative power, under which the weakest and worst of men are enabled to control the voice of a nation, and divert the current of its prosperity into their own personal or party channels, simply because they have suffered the accident of being born of a titled lady, and often without any too strict regard to the secret of their paternity. But by a curious law, in obedience to which men merge the sense of more indirect evils, though ever so comprehensive, in the pressure of even the slightest that are immediate and palpable, the monster mischief of hereditary legislation is forgotten in the contemplation of the price-current and the visit of the tax-gatherer. Perhaps this principle accounts for the popular prejudices, now fast giving way, in favour of indirect as compared with proportional taxation.

The time has, however, at length come, when the cultivators of the soil are not placed in the same category with game: they are no longer regarded as *feræ naturæ*; and the sovereign protection which was heretofore exercised towards man, has been transferred to hares and pheasants *et hoc genus omne*.

The problem of the original rights of property has long since been abandoned to the sepulchre of the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vitae*; and the very necessities of civilization have substituted prescriptive for primeval right. Still there are some claims of most ancient date, which may fairly be tried at the bar of public opinion: and among these, in defiance of antiquated usage, we may fairly place those which are sanctioned by the Game Laws.

There is a natural sense of right and justice anterior to all law, and of which law itself is the offspring and the partial reflection. In accordance with this, every rational man admits that those animals which his neighbour breeds and feeds, and tends at his own expense of money and labour, are his by a natural and indefeasible right. The common sense of mankind would revolt from the seizure and slaughter of one's neighbour's sheep, oxen, or horses: the husbandman's right to reap his own corn has never, we presume, been questioned; but the bird which flies, with no law-bound discrimination, over the flourish-

ing crops of all, alighting for its food or its pleasure on every field without distinction, is regarded in the unsophisticated notions of mankind as common property. Every man revolts from the injustice which would compel one man to pasture the sheep of another: and the very principle of the game preserver comes—and that in all justice—to be the principle of the game destroyer: the animals which I feed are mine. It is futile for my neighbour to apprise me that he spends five hundred a year for preserving his game: my answer is, they eat my oats. The argument that a large number of families are supported by his fantastic and luxurious extravagance: that he can supply thousands of heads of game for the annual amusement of a prince at a *battue*; and that he can turn the wavering balance of a tenant-farmer's political virtue by the weight of a brace of pheasants, is nothing to me. I answer, they trample beaten paths in my barley, and that their favourite delectation is in nibbling off my wheat stalks in the middle. It is a small consolation to the thrifty husbandman, that the animals which devour his crops all night amuse the right honourables in the day, and keep their dogs in condition, to half an ounce for the Newmarket stakes.

And here, although foxes are not game, we cannot forbear a few remarks upon the injuries inflicted on the farmer by those whose zeal for the breeding and preservation of these offensive animals, is only surpassed by the almost insane enthusiasm with which they destroy them. A farmer, in the vicinity of a large and well-preserved fox cover, is the victim of innumerable depredations which he dares not complain of, and cannot redress. His poultry are stolen without mercy; his ducks, fowls, and goslings become mere game, always excepting the protection afforded to the latter and privileged class; even his young lambs are destroyed, and the remains of Mr. Reynard's feast buried in the adjoining field, for a second repast. But let him defend himself against this plunder if he dare. A friend of ours recently shot four of these desolators of his farm-yard, and nailed their carcases to his barn door. Happy man! he did not reside in a hunting country, else the lightest retribution he would have incurred would have been to be hustled and mobbed in the corn-market, and sent to Coventry at the ordinary. Good farmers, too, have a pride in good hedges, and naturally set some value on their young crops; yet it is no uncommon thing for a field of two hundred horsemen to gallop nearly abreast over their seeds and their growing corn, breaking their hedges and rails to mere firewood; thus most seriously damaging their crops, and affording many a day's work to their labourers, whose wages the master of the hounds would as much think of paying, as of paying the farmer's income-tax.

Yet the unfortunate tenant does not dare to open his mouth ; and would as soon think of poisoning his wife, as of shooting one of these vermin if it were cantering away before his eyes, with his favourite duck over his shoulders. Now, with all deference to the honourable Grantley Berkley, we must take leave to designate this as a scandalous and intolerable injustice : the only principle on which we can account for this disgraceful injury inflicted by men of *honour*—men who would not escape from an hotel by the window, leaving their bill unpaid,—is that suggested by the ancient satirist, ‘**DEFENDIT NUMERUS.**’ The injustice which no individual Meltonian would dare to inflict, and which he would be the first to resent, is sanctified in his estimation by the company of a hundred blockheads in scarlet, and in no way interferes with their convivial gratulations on an excellent day’s sport. But the inexperienced reader will perhaps say, he has the protection of the law, let him bring his action for trespass, or lay his complaint before the bench of magistrates. We can only say, that should he ever commit such a trespass in the court of the great unpaid, especially with a country clergyman or two on the bench, he has only one greater blunder to commit, and that is, to carry a grievance into an ecclesiastical court.

But again ; it may be supposed, that the farmer’s liability to these outrages is the unavoidable accident of his condition, and that it is not permitted and perpetuated by act of parliament. Perhaps the principle, *de minimis non curat lex*, which the rustic might freely translate—the law takes no care of *very* small farmers, might seem to the uninitiated to cover the case.

But let us look to the act, anno primo, Georgii IV. Regis, cap. 56. In this act it is provided, that ‘if any person shall wilfully or maliciously commit any damage, injury, or spoil upon any building, fence, hedge, gate, stile, guide-post, milestone, tree, wood, underwood, orchard, garden, nursery-ground, crops, vegetables, plants, land, or other matter or thing growing or being therein, or to or upon real or personal property of any nature or kind soever, he may be immediately seized by anybody without a warrant, taken before a magistrate, and fined (according to the mischief he has done) to the extent of £5, or in default of payment, may be committed to the jail for three months.’ And at the end comes a clause exempting from the operation of this act *all mischief done in hunting and by shooters who are qualified.*

‘This,’ says that wittiest of divines, ‘Sydney Smith, ‘ is the most impudent piece of legislation that ever crept into the statute-book, and, coupled with Mr. Justice Best’s declaration, constitutes the following affectionate relation between the dif-

ferent orders of society. Says the higher link to the lower, 'If you meddle with my game, I will immediately murder you; if you commit the slightest injury upon my real or personal property, I will take you before a magistrate, and fine you five pounds. I am in parliament, and you are not; and I have just brought in an act of parliament for that purpose. But so important is it to you that my pleasures should not be interrupted, that I have exempted myself and friends from the operation of this act; and we claim the right (without allowing you any such summary remedy) of riding over your fences, hedges, gates, stiles, guide-posts, mile-stones, woods, underwoods, orchards, gardens, nursery-grounds, crops, vegetables, plants, lands, or other matters or things growing or being thereupon, including your children and yourselves, if you do not get out of the way.' Is there upon earth such a mockery of justice as an act of parliament pretending to protect property, sending a poor hedge-breaker to jail, and specially exempting from its operation the accusing and the judging squire, who, at the tail of the hounds, has that morning, perhaps, ruined as much wheat and seeds as would purchase fuel a whole year for a whole village?'

But to return from these more general aristocratic grievances, to the specific evils of the game-laws. These, with all the vexation, destruction of neighbourly feeling, public expense, multiplied crime, and not infrequent murder, of which they are a prolific source, proceed upon the principle, that wild animals are as essentially the private property of certain individuals, as any other species of possession. To this assumption, the common sense and the universal feeling of society ever has been and, we venture to predict, ever will be most resolutely opposed; while the horrible murders committed in its support alike by the law, the game-keeper, and the poacher, the extended term of transportation and imprisonment, entailing the ruin of individuals and the pauperization of families, and the perfectly disgusting brutality of county and clerical magistrates, have so deepened and strengthened this feeling that, on this account alone, it becomes imperative that the game-laws should be abolished, even were there some appearance of justice and propriety in the arguments adduced for their continuance. In support of this position, we will refer to one or two recent instances out of hundreds, with which the public press is continually teeming. It will perhaps be recollected, that at a meeting of the magistrates of Bedfordshire, in sessions, a proposal for the enlargement of the county jail was vigorously resisted by a worthy baronet, a member of parliament, on the ground that it was only necessitated by the laws

for the protection of game, under which *one third* of the commitments (we believe, though we are quoting from memory) were made. On this occasion the honourable baronet, cordially supported by a few of the more independent of his brother-magistrates, so effectually denounced the flagrant injustice of saddling the county with the expense of building and maintaining one-third of the jail, for the purpose of protecting the amusements of a handful of landlords, that the question of the said enlargement was postponed.

In an adjoining county we have the following cases reported, which occurred within a week of the time at which we are now writing.

At the Aylesbury Petty Sessions, Emanuel Priest was convicted of having set a snare in a hare's run, on the preserve of Sir J. D. King, Bart., at Helston. He was committed to prison for seven days, in default of the payment of one shilling fine and nineteen shillings costs. William Jeffkins was committed to prison for ten days in default of the payment of two shillings and sixpence fine and twenty shillings costs, for having trespassed in pursuit of game on the preserve of the above gentleman.

We have before us the report of a still more offensive and equally recent occurrence; we copy it from the Liverpool Mercury.

On Saturday last, Thomas Edge, of Hoskar Moss, and three other young farm labourers, appeared before the Rev. Joshua Thomas Horton, clerk, in the public-house justice-room, to answer a charge of trespass preferred against him by Lord Skelmersdale, father-in-law to Lord Stanley, one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state. It appears that the young men had obtained permission of Thomas Morris, Esq. to have a day's ferreting for rabbits, as a sort of Christmas gift on his lands near Hosker Moss in Latham, and in the course of the day they inadvertently walked into a field adjoining the one of Mr. Morris's, belonging to his lordship, erroneously supposing it at the same time to belong to the former gentleman. They were seen by his lordship's gamekeeper, who informed them they were trespassing, when they immediately retired, expressing their regret to the keeper, and telling him that the trespass was not committed knowingly. The damage done to the herbage of the field does not amount to more than *half a farthing*, rated at the very highest. The gamekeeper appeared to support the information, and the reverend magistrate convicted the parties in damages of forty shillings each and costs, and inflicted an additional fine of *eight pounds*.

It is impossible to believe that the humane and christian public will longer tolerate such scandalous injustice as this, and

we trust that the feeling which the daily publication of such cases excites, will lead not only to the abolition of the existing game-laws, but to such an examination of our present system of magisterial judicature as shall purge the commission of the petty despots who at present disgrace the bench (and especially of the clergy), and rescue the most unprotected classes of society from the multiplied but unnoticed wrongs which they daily suffer from the cruel despotism of the squire and the stolid bitterness of the parson.

The ninth parliamentary report on prison discipline lately published, contains some equally impressive evidence on the mischievous tendencies of the Game-laws.

'At the House of Correction for Norfolk, the Inspector found 'the youngest offender against the Game Laws' he had seen, a boy of eleven years of age, who was summarily convicted with his brother, aged thirteen, for using a certain engine called a snare, for the purpose of taking game, not having a game certificate.' The experience drawn from witnessing the utter inefficacy of the numerous convictions for offences against the Game-laws, induces Captain Williams, in reporting specially to the Home Secretary, to say, that 'however severe in physical restraints, or powerful in moral influence, prison discipline may be, it signally fails in producing any salutary impression upon offenders convicted of infractions of the law enacted for the preservation of Game. These men, when undergoing imprisonment, appear possessed with the idea that these laws are more harshly and inflexibly administered than other cases of a more serious character; and that the punishments awarded are unequal, disproportionate, and unjust.'

'I have frequently endeavoured,' says the Chaplain of the House of Correction at Northallerton (for the North Riding of Yorkshire), 'but quite in vain, to persuade prisoners convicted of poaching, that they offend God in breaking the laws of their country. They answer—the law is oppressive, and they have as much right to the game as others. The man's neighbours, too, second him in this feeling when discharged; they receive him as usual, saying, 'Tom, you have been in prison, it is true, but not for stealing, or felony.' A man loses no caste by having committed an offence against the Game-laws, but when discharged, goes into the society of his fellow-men quite as usual.

'The Chaplain of the Beccles House of Correction for the county of Suffolk, says—'It is difficult to impress the prisoners with an idea that poaching is a crime; I endeavour, therefore, to impress them with an idea that it is injurious to their temporal welfare, by setting the higher orders against them, as placing obstacles in the way of their getting employment. I have frequently heard them say, 'I shall never follow poaching if I can get employment,' and this has been uttered by men of whom I have had the best opinion, but I could never get one to go farther than in promising

conditionally to give up the pursuit. I have frequently heard them make comparisons between the punishments for game and for felony. They also say it is better to do this than go into the Union.

'At Kendal, the Chaplain of the House of Correction for the county of Westmorland, says—'There are frequent commitments here for poaching, or rather illegal fishing, chiefly from Kirby Lonsdale; the Lime being a great fishing river. One reason for taking salmon out of season is, the roe being greatly prized as a bait for trout and char. I cannot, with all my endeavour to do so, persuade them it is a crime; they answer, 'It is no crime against God, if it be against man.'

'In like manner the Chaplain at the Carlisle County Gaol remarks, that 'it is quite hopeless to impress poachers with the feeling that they are guilty of a crime. They say, 'the birds of the air, and the fishes of the water are everybody's property.' They go out of gaol under the same impressions, only to return.

'And in the journal of the Chaplain to the Knutsford House of Correction for Cheshire, the following passage occurs :—'Admonished, but to little purpose, two poachers on their discharge. The great difficulty with such cases is to persuade them that wild fowl can, or ought to be considered a property.'

Nor is this feeling confined to game-law culprits. It prevails universally throughout the country, and obtains more or less the sympathy of all who have not a direct interest in the perpetuation of the injustice. Most truly does a recent and very sensible writer on this subject observe that—

'If a farmer, pestered with hares, were to shoot one in his fields, and carry it home for dinner, though the law might punish that farmer, his character would not suffer, except with game-preserving landlords. But let a farmer shoot a neighbour's sheep which may chance to have strayed into his fields, and carry home the mutton for domestic use, and such farmer will at once be set down as a *thief*—a sheep-stealer. In the one case, he is looked upon as a sufferer—in the other, as a dishonest, dishonoured, and irretrievably-degraded man.

'It would probably be found, on an appeal to the public, that there is no indisposition to recognise a property in game, in a modified sense; and that a strong aversion would in fact be entertained to having the breed of wild animals exterminated—as they would be were hordes of idle and dissolute characters allowed to roam unchecked over the country. But the preservation of pheasants and partridges may be bought too dear. And such has been the case. Blood has been shed like water; hundreds of men have been transported—thousands have been imprisoned—in upholding the Game-laws; and, independent of all that, there has been more of insolent and vindictive cruelty, and mean, petty oppression exercised in carrying them out, than in carrying out all our other laws put together. The details of some of the cases connected with the

Game-laws are enough to make the blood of the most temperate boil with indignation.'

Such then is as much of our case against the game-laws, as we deem it necessary to bring forward. We will now proceed to examine the Honourable Grantley Berkeley's vindication of their humanity, their justice, and their essential bearing on the social, moral, and religious interests of the poor. It is generally admitted to be the best defence of the game-laws with which the public have been favoured. It is the production of an Honourable and an M.P. ; of the younger brother of a peer—the ennobled possessor of Berkeley Castle—which has the historic notoriety of having been stained with nobler blood than that of pheasants, or even of poachers ;—of the hero of *twenty-six* personal encounters in defence of game, who has the distinction of having got himself sworn as a special constable for the capture of a party of marauders, and of having succeeded in the glorious enterprise ; whose extensive experience has taught him the grand secret of protecting the sanctuary of the cover, namely, 'a well directed punch of the head,' and 'showing them their own blood !' When, in addition to all this, we assure our readers, that the work before us is written with that fine enthusiasm which the subject would naturally inspire, we have surely said enough to enlist their deepest interest, and to vindicate for it a place, (it will need, by the way, the editorship of Colonel Gurwood), beside the dispatches of the Duke of Wellington.

Its title page, which, if rhetorical laws were as rigid as game laws, would probably have subjected the author to some awkward consequences, runs as follows. 'A pamphlet in defence of the Game-laws

### In Reply to the Assailants ;

and on their effects upon the morals of the poor.' It may occur to some that the clause in old English might have been omitted, as defensive pamphlets are so much more commonly written in reply to *assailants* than to those who fully concur in the views of the writer. But perhaps it may be fairly allowed to peers and honourables, who intrude themselves so seldom upon the literature of their country, to use, when they do write, as many words as they please. Mr. Berkeley's pamphlet is so utterly defective in connection and arrangement, that it is impossible to adopt with respect to it any ordinary method of criticism. We must confine our attempt to the somewhat difficult task of seizing the most prominent points of his argument. The very commencement of his pamphlet may be taken as a fair specimen of that total disregard to known facts which distinguishes the whole production.

This advocate of the exclusive right of the aristocracy to the amusements secured by the game-laws, has the effrontery to boast that he has always 'advocated the interests of the poor, and endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to uphold them in their rights, their sports, and their recreations ;' and designates his opponents as 'self-sufficient Quixotes, who seek to trample on those rights, whether they be those 'of amusement, of food, or healthful locomotion.' It may safely be conceded to Mr. Berkeley, that as a controversialist he makes it very difficult for any one to reply to him. What can be said to a man who, in advocating the most rigid protection of game, pretends to be ruled by an interest in the rights, sports, recreations, and healthful locomotion of the poor !

Had he pretended a regard for the morals or the industrious habits of the poor, there might have been some plausibility in his assumption, but the audacity of such a boast as this can only be met with the gaze of blank astonishment—its only consistency is with the honourable writer's constabulary tactics. It is giving the whole thinking public a 'well directed punch on the head.' In the next page Mr. Berkeley has the boldness to affirm that the crime of poaching has not at all increased beyond the ratio of population, and that 'it has *not* increased in any greater extent than other crimes, and *not nearly so much as* many others.' It is impossible to reason with a man who thus sets all the most notorious facts at defiance. We need not refer to statistics, inasmuch as the reports of every daily paper, the incessant complaints of magistrates, and the solemn remonstrances of juries, stamp this assertion as not only false, but ridiculous. If Mr. Berkeley does not wish to be classed in reputation with Busfield Ferrand, we would recommend him to suppress his pamphlet on the game laws. We are not surprised to see the above outrageous assertion immediately succeeded by the following sentence :—'I am also prepared to show that, so far from having a demoralising tendency, or of being injurious to the welfare of the lower classes, the game laws are founded on sound and rational principles, and *have a beneficial effect* in regard to the proprietor, the tenant, the yeoman, and the poor.'

As the Honourable Mr. Berkeley, according to his own account, has been engaged in six-and-twenty personal encounters with poachers, he does not affect to deny that some offences, however few, are committed against that sacred palladium of British morals and prosperity, the game-law; and for the development of his theory on the causes and the remedy of these irregularities, we must endeavour to disentangle the confused mass of paragraphs which lies before us. As, however, any attempt to condense his notions into an intelligible abstract

would be altogether futile, we must adopt the method pursued by council with a garrulous or superannuated witness, and let him tell his own tale, with as little interruption as may be.

Mr. Berkeley first attempts to show that the undue and horrible severity with which offences against the game laws are visited, does not contribute to the fatal effects of encounters between poachers and keepers, or, as he invariably terms it, of *murder*; charging the guilt by a *petitio principii*, which can only be pardoned in a young logician, upon the poacher and not upon the keeper. He says:—

‘I may be permitted here to turn to other statutes, and invite the public attention as to how far the mitigation of punishment has led to the prevention of crime, where the experiment has been tried. Has the abolition of the punishment of death lessened the crime of forgery? No. Forgery has increased to a frightful extent. Has the reluctance to visit murder with that unflinching severity, so honestly and religiously demanded at the hands of man, lessened its perpetration? No. We have the fearful fact from the lips of a culprit who murdered his sergeant on parade, when he found that death was to be awarded to his crime, that had it not been from the observation he had made as to the rarity of the fact and reluctance in government to carry out the capital punishment, and the hope he therefore imbibed that he should but be transported for life, he would never have murdered his non-commissioned officer.

‘The severity of punishment on persons banded and armed at night for the destruction of game does not produce murder rather than submission.’—pp. 6, 7.

This may be regarded as a fair specimen of the author’s utter recklessness of assertion—of what may be properly called his ‘punch on the head’ method of reasoning. Where does he find his proof that forgery has frightfully increased far beyond the ratio of increased population, since the amendment of the law? Can he be ignorant of the fact that the certainty and fixedness of punishment is far more effective than its severity, fluctuating, as all severe punishments must be, through the scruples of prosecutors, the humanity of jurors, the stupid tyranny of magistrates, and the testy caprice of judges? If so, we beg to refer him from the extorted confessions of culprits to the enlightened and comprehensive views of such jurists as Romilly and Mackintosh.

His next argument appears to be directed not so much in support of the game laws as against those which obtain in our solar system, and which regulate the succession of day and night. He puts into the mouths of his opponent the following unspeakably silly enquiry:—

“‘What is the reason, then,’ asks the surface observer, ‘why

there are more murders in poaching cases by night than there are by day? Does it not arise from the difference in the grade of punishment?

‘It does not arise, he replies, ‘from the difference in the punishment by which the heavier and the lighter crimes are met.’’

And after a series of sentences, which are really too foolish to be quoted, he adds:—

‘There are a thousand obvious reasons why the night should be the more probable time for murder than the day.’—pp. 8, 9.

Of course there are. Who doubts it? When men are forbidden, under heavy penalties, from exercising what they deem their just rights, they prefer the obscurity of the night to the dangerous openness of the day. Christian martyrs and persecuted dissenters have even been driven to the same necessity. The obvious hinge of the question is the rigidly restrictive character of the game laws, and upon this our author is wisely silent.

The next cause to which Mr. Berkley refers, is the beer shop:

‘Inflamed with the beastly drugs of the pothouse, and in the hope of being shielded from observation by the obscurity of night, the cowardly and brutal ruffian fires his gun, without any very clear reason in his brain as to the cause of his doing so, save in the hope of injuring some honest man. The severity of punishment consequent on capture no more hastens the murderous grasp on the trigger than it hastens the next year’s snow; the ruffian steals, &c., &c.’

And again (p. 17), ‘watching in the cold drives him to drink with the evil companions of his sport, &c.’ Now we beg to ask Mr. Grantley Berkeley, whether his keepers are members of the temperance society? Have they no acquaintance with the butler at the hall? Are keepers so differently constituted from other men, that watching in the cold midnight never suggests to their minds the convenience of a flask of gin? Do they not carry guns? And would it be an unpardonable impeachment of their character to imagine that they may now and then be a little pot-valiant in their encounters with the unauthorised sportsman? But Mr. Berkeley tells us that he himself has been in the habit of accompanying his keepers all night in their rounds. Did he never fortify himself against the cold of the midnight watch with those creature-comforts to which mendacious rumour hints that sportsmen are slightly addicted. Did *punch* in the stomach never precede the ‘well-directed punch on the head,’ which he has so gloriously inflicted in his twenty-six encounters? On these points, as on the drunkenness of poachers, Mr. Berkeley unfortunately adduces no evidence whatever.

One of our author's strongest points, however, is that no man is led to the conventional crime of poaching by *distress*, and on this he cites the evidence of the Duke of Beaufort, whom all who are acquainted with his Grace's character and pursuits, must, *of course*, regard as an unprejudiced witness. Now, if by *distress* these honourable and noble game preservers mean the temporary and total destitution of food for their families, without the slightest prospect of supply, we can admit their statement with a comparatively slight discount; indeed, in such a state of things, the labourer would be more likely to pawn his gun, than to load it; but then, gentlemen have yet to learn that syncope from starvation and the raging fever of famine, are not the only forms of distress, though such alone may constitute their criterion. Children, with insufficient rations of oatmeal and potatoes—wives sinking, perhaps, in pregnancy, from want of adequate support—limbs incapacitated by rheumatism, from want of fuel and blankets, are indications of what humane men designate as distress, by whatever terms they may be known in the vocabulary of the aristocracy; and these, we have abundant evidence to prove, are some of the many temptations to the infraction of the game laws.

Besides, Mr. Berkeley tells us that poaching (i.e. by his own showing, nocturnal poaching) is extensively pursued as a trade; men, boys, and even women, he tells us, are accustomed to exterminate the game in the fur, the feather, and the egg.

‘ In Wiltshire, my keeper caught a woman in the act of setting traps for game, her husband thinking that she would attract less suspicion than himself, and that we should deem her as simply employed in gathering sticks for fuel. In each of these places I had the rights of sporting, and set about a speedy reformation. In each of these places some of the tenantry were the first whom I caught poaching; and in each place I had personally to establish a character for determination of purpose and *aptness of hand*, before I could enforce obedience. In addition to the rebellious spirit of the lower orders, consequent on long neglect of the laws and habitual demoralization which ever attends their slightest infringement, I was hampered with the weak and prosy decision of timid *injustice*, for I seldom attained justice.’

Now, men, women, and children, do not usually act without motives; and nightly watchings coupled with Mr. Berkeley's ‘well directed punch of the head,’ and the agreeable ‘sight of their own blood,’ are not the most powerful incentives to this kind of sport; yet our author has the simplicity to assure us that the game do no harm to the farmers' crops and the labourers' cabbages; and even adduces an instance of one old man who, in a fit of landlord loyalty, declared that he thought

the game so far from injuring him, had rather done him good. This last case reminds us of a lady, who in the late slippery weather, accidentally tripped up on the pavement, and fell violently backwards. The nature of the injury, if ascertained, would not need to be specified; but upon a gentleman promptly lifting her up, and enquiring if she was hurt, she replied, 'Not at all, Sir, I'm much obliged to you, *quite the contrary!*'

But we must meet Mr. Berkeley's case with a few facts. Our author, with that cunning which constitutes his sole qualification as a controversialist, adduces the published opinion of some farmer, that a thousand hares on an estate do as much mischief as an equal number of sheep, and to do him justice, he tilts at this windmill with some success. It has, however, been repeatedly declared by experienced farmers, that the keep of three hares is equivalent to that of one sheep; and we believe that this statement has never been refuted. In a recent number of the 'Mark-lane Express,' we find the following statement in a letter signed 'A Tory':

'Observing in your paper some account of the ravages caused by game, I beg leave to state what I saw during the harvest of 1844, on the estate of a tenant-farmer, who has now happily left that occupation: he did not put a scythe into 36 acres of barley, it being so completely destroyed by the game. The proprietor has since killed on the estate 3000 hares. In these days, when the population is considered to be more than the kingdom can contain, still less support, we see hares and rabbits eating that which would feed thousands all the year round. Nor is this all; 'tis not that which is wasted or eaten by these creatures, but it is what is also prevented from being grown, by the curtailment of the tenant's means, and also the distress amongst the labourers by the damages sustained by the farmer.'

But Mr. Berkeley slyly intimates, without daring to assert the fact, that a compensatory provision for these damages is made in the diminished rent of the tenant. Here, too, we will appeal to known facts. In a recent number of the 'Norwich Mercury' we find the following paragraph—

'DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY GAME.—Sir Thomas Hare has given directions that the game on his estate at Stowe, near Downham, Norfolk, should be shot down as close as possible. This determination, we believe, has arisen in consequence of the numerous complaints he has received of the injury done to the crops of his tenants. A gentleman near this city, who hired an estate last year in this county for sporting, and where he had reared a large head of game, had this week an account of £200 presented to him for payment for damage done by the hares and rabbits to the tenants' crops.'

We have similar cases within our own personal knowledge. On the estates of a certain noble lord in Leicestershire a highly

respectable tenant had, during the last year, a most promising crop of oats. The whole ground was so completely destroyed by his lordship's game, that the tenant never realized a single peck. To complain was to lose his occupation. On the rent-day, however, the steward returned him the sum of £20, probably *one fifth* part of the loss he had sustained. On another occasion the same nobleman, while walking over a part of his estate in the company of his tenant, and observing the destruction occasioned by his game, ordered the steward to return to him at the next rent day no less than *a hundred and forty pounds* upon his rent, adding, 'I wish, Mr. ——, I had known of this before;' to which the tenant replied, with amusing *naïveté*, 'I wish you had, my Lord!' But even these are not the most serious evils resulting from the game laws. It appears that in a single county town (Buckingham) out of 539 prisoners, committed during the past year, 169 were offenders against the game laws, while, in the year 1843, there were in England no fewer than 4,500 men convicted of poaching. Most truly did Mr. Bright say, at a recent county meeting at Aylesbury—

' His opinion was, that the game laws should be abolished, and that the law of trespass would be quite sufficient to ensure a gentleman sufficient game and sport. His neighbours would protect his land, and his tenants would get rid of a great source of disaffection. Any gentleman who would have the moral courage to call upon Parliament to repeal the game laws would prove himself to be the farmer's friend. The game preserver was not the farmer's friend, but his enemy, and the persecutor of the labourer, loading the villages in his neighbourhood with taxation to maintain the wives and children of those he caused to be sent to gaol. The game-preserver was indeed the tyrant of his country, filling the prison with inmates sent from his own domains, and doing mischief to almost every other class of his fellow-subjects.'

And here it is impossible to pass by one statement of Mr. Berkeley, ' That the pheasant is often the farmer's best customer.' On this subject we will quote again the language of Mr. Bright. ' There was,' he said, ' a general charge he would bring against the game laws.' The landowners of this country had undertaken to feed the people.

' It was common for them to express their desire that this country should be independent of foreigners for a supply of food, saying that the land of this country was sufficient to supply the whole population with food. He was not going into other questions. But the land-owners having undertaken to feed the 27,000,000 of people of England and Ireland, if there was reason to believe that those people were not sufficiently fed, then it was the height of injustice and im-

morality on the part of the landowners to keep up a very large quantity of game, a kind of vermin, to devour a large portion of food which multitudes of the starving population would be glad to obtain.'

It is a happy circumstance that one wrong frequently exposes and counteracts another. Thus it is with the corn laws and the game laws. Each is indefensible on the principles of justice, but the two cannot certainly co-exist without reflecting on each other a character of the most palpable and infamous wrong.

We will now come to the remedies proposed by Mr. Berkeley for the multiplied evils confessedly occasioned by the game laws, and the first of these is what the writer designates a large head of game. This appears to be the cardinal article in Mr. Berkeley's creed, to judge from the earnestness of his style. A small and unprotected quantity of 'indigenous game' would seem to be the greatest of all social evils. His faith, indeed, embraces both horns of the dilemma expressed in the old distich:

' My wound is great because it is so small.  
Then 'twould be greater were there none at all.'

' I am here again,' says he, ' forced into the consideration of the good or harm occasioned by large heads of well-protected game and small lots of unprotected game on neglected lands. Closely adjoining to the village of Carleton, whence these poachers came, and adjoining or within my manor, there were some unprotected fields, the property of Earl de Grey and others, and of the parson of the parish, abandoned to the evil propensities of every vagabond who chose to carry a gun: these fields became a nursery for poachers. On these lands there were only a few scattered heads of game, and there was no enforcement of the law for their protection. An occasional hare, partridge, or rabbit, with a wild duck or snipe, as the fields adjoin the river Ouse, were all that offered to the poacher's gun.'

' It was on these *neglected lands* that the man who kept the public house, where the poachers were in the habit of meeting, first imbibed a love for shooting.'—pp. 16, 17.

Now, there are two obvious questions which arise out of this statement. The first is, when game is altogether unprotected, and neglected as valueless, where is the guilt of the poacher? On the author's showing, he does but destroy that for which the landed proprietor cares not a rush, while his own necessities make the produce of his gun a matter of no inconsiderable importance. The second is; If, under these circumstances, the poacher, as he is called, imbibed his immoral and most pernicious love of shooting—where did Mr. Grantley Berkeley imbibe *his*? What demon seduced Prince Albert into similar snares?

and what evil-eye beguiled all the dukes, and lords, and squires in the land into the same guilty tastes and pursuits? If the taste itself is vicious, let Mr. Berkeley by all means be installed as a pluralist preacher against it. But if, on the other hand, he contends that the game which feeds on the land of B, and crosses the highways and the commons, which are the common property of the whole population from A to Z, belongs to A by an indefeasible right; then, in the name of honesty, let him prove his position—an undertaking from which, throughout the pamphlet before us, he has most studiously shrunk.

Mr. Berkeley's next remedy for this great social disorder is the strict protection of game:—

‘I have observed,’ he says, ‘in each of the places I have rented a great improvement in the conduct and habits of the labouring population when the game laws came to be enforced, and idle poaching inclinations restrained; the wholesome fact also having been placed before their eyes, that it would be their interest as well as their duty to cease from the pursuit of game both by night and day. The hitherto systematic Sabbath-breaker returned to his church; and I have had it from his pastor’s lips, that ‘he had never seen the man so frequently an attendant on divine worship, as he had since my arrival at ‘the House.’ And what was the cause of this? Why, the woods and manor, the fields and the river, were no longer free to be made the exercising grounds of the idle and disorderly, or of the man of six days’ labour who was tempted to desecrate the Sabbath; but the lands and the *commons* were protected from demoralizing abuses, and the outbreaks of a certain class in society necessitated to return by just restrictions into their proper channel.’—pp. 34, 35.

Some passing notice is due to this new argument for the observance of the sabbath. We are happy to witness Mr. Berkeley’s anxiety on this very important matter. But, unfortunately, it appears from our author’s statement that the only safe-guard against this sabbath-breaking on the part of the poachers, is the rigid protection of the game by a large number of keepers. ‘I repeat again,’ he says, (p.45) ‘that the proprietor of the abandoned land, in regard to game, is the breeder of crime, the abettor of murder, and not the resident gentleman who enforces the law, and keeps up a large head of well-protected game;’ while in the same page he informs us that at Berkeley alone, there are sixty men employed in nothing else than the care of the game and deer; to which he adds, ‘the immense number of grooms, and helpers, huntsmen, whippers-in, and kennelmen necessary to the care and condition of from fifty to sixty hunters, besides other horses; and from eighty to a hundred couples of fox-hounds, besides other dogs; let any

man imagine the amount of wages expended on such species of labour, and then reflect on the misery which would arise if all these men and their families were deprived of their employment and subsistence.'

Thus it appears, that in order to prevent one cottager from breaking the sabbath by killing a rabbit for the sustenance of his starving family, sixty men regularly commit the same offence for the protection of their master's game, without reckoning the hangers-on of the kennel and the stable. 'I repeat,' says he (p. 39), 'it is the non-enforcement of the law which demoralizes the poor; it is the neglected manor, and the little unprotected game which makes the poacher.' And again (p. 41), in speaking of his Christmas benefactions, Mr. Berkeley says, 'from such gifts by me, are systematically excluded all those who habitually transgress the game or any other laws; and if in a hunting country, I am aware of a man who *has stolen or injured a fox*, I exclude him likewise.'

Well may Mr. Berkeley add, that had his benefactions been published 'they would have appeared under the very singular announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley were dispensing their usual bounty in a wholesome manner of good old English beef and plum-pudding to one old man and a woman! With the exception of this old couple, there was not a family in the vicinity within that which I conceived to be my immediate range, that had not in some way or other *grossly misconducted themselves*.'

Two more illustrations of the nature and benefits of rigid protection we must notice, before we proceed to dispose of this notable argument of the Honourable Grantley Berkeley.

'I will here give,' he says (p. 20), another instance which came under my own observation touching the matter immediately in view. I detected a man in the grounds at Cranford stealing acorns. He refused to surrender to me the sack containing them, or to give his name. We were alike unarmed, and a mere personal encounter with fists was the consequence. It ended in my securing the man and sack. The thief, however, an excavator, having received some punishment, and as he looked unhappy, I forgave him his fault upon the spot.'

And again (p. 29) he says,—

'Now, to speak in homely downright old English phrase, there is nothing which banishes an inclination to commit murder, or to be dangerous, from a brutal mind, half so much as a simple, well-directed 'punch on the head.' All, or nearly all, murderers are cowards: the sight of their own blood will prevent their shedding the blood of others. A gamekeeper or a constable need not wait

until he is struck: if he sees that a blow is thought of, he is justified in striking, to prevent his being struck.'\*

The argument that Mr. Berkeley has here adduced against the notorious mischiefs of the game laws, viz., the maintenance of a large head of game and a strict protection, so graphically illustrated by his personal experience, deserves a moment's attention for its very thoughtlessness and folly. Let it be applied to the most acknowledged right of the people, that of meeting to petition parliament for the redress of their grievances; according to Mr. Berkeley's theory, if magisterial authority is insufficient to put down these inconvenient movements, employ horse, foot and artillery. This will be 'RIGID PROTECTION.'

Is the ministry embarrassed by protestantism and dissent? Re-establish the tortures of the inquisition. This would be 'RIGID PROTECTION.'

Is a choleric gentleman annoyed by the intrusion of beggars at his back door. Let him plant a loaded spring-gun in his yard. This is Mr. Berkeley's 'RIGID PROTECTION.'

The honourable author appears, indeed, to be emulous of the fame of the Macedonian conqueror, not only in his method of untying a Gordian knot, but in the comprehensive pugnacity of his disposition; and we can easily imagine, that, if hares and pheasants were as sacredly preserved as title-deeds, the honourable gentleman, though not much given to the melting mood, would weep like Alexander, that there was not one poacher left to 'punch in the head.' We cannot conclude this notice of Mr. Berkeley's panacea without a sympathetic tear over the doleful appeals in the fiftieth page of his pamphlet.

'Is the long and old boasted adage,' says he, of 'the Englishman's house being his castle' to become a by-gone saying of a good old time, no longer available in these days of cant and morbid reformation?

'Does the collective wisdom and feverish anxiety of the self-dubbed reformers of the morals of the poor, mean to throw open the private estates and manors of individuals to the incursion of a lawless rabble of bad-charactered men, who are to have free ingress to the lands for the purpose of killing game?'

The pathos of these appeals might well disarm criticism. Yet, in reply to the first of them, we may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest to so accomplished a sportsman as Mr. Berkley, that hares do not ordinarily make their forms under

\* (*Note in the margin.*)—'I have been personally engaged with poachers in twenty-six instances, by night and by day, and always with success, having made it a rule to be the first to play at the roughest game.'—p. 55.

the beds of country gentlemen ; that pheasants do not usually roost on their testers, or breed in their wardrobes ; and that it is comparatively seldom that snipes are put up in their drawing-room, or shot in their library. And with respect to the second appeal, our author may be reminded, that parliament may abolish the game laws without turning into commons the parks, plantations, and estates of the gentry of England.

But our author goes further than all this, and attempts to deduce from the system he is defending, such advantages as would constitute it the safeguard of social order, prosperity, and freedom.

'I hold,' says he, 'the man, or set of men, who would stir a step to prevent or risk the residence of the country gentleman on his lands—and they would go far to prevent it who would abolish the game laws—to be the declared and bitter foes to the interests of the poor.

'What would the castle or the abbey be without its lord ? or the hall or manor-house without its squire ? Why, the first *would* be a 'remnant of feudal ages,' if not inhabited by a heart and hand of liberal and enlightened times, and the other but the empty shell of the good old English gentleman. If by untimely and ruinous interference with their amusements (for rich men *will have* their pleasures), you drive them to seek the joys of life at Paris, or in foreign lands, who remains to stand up for the liberty of conscience ? who to countenance the teacher of religion, whether protestant, catholic, or dissenter ? and who to give effect to the local administration of the laws ?'—pp. 48, 49.

There are unhappily too many evidences of the want of earnest patriotism on the part of the British aristocracy, but we were certainly not prepared to hear that a legislative interference with their monopoly of field sports would be sufficient to expel them from their country, to lavish abroad the wealth they derive from home. We know that the age of chivalry is gone, but we were not prepared to believe, till informed from so competent a quarter, that hares and wild-fowl constituted the chief, if not the only, tie that bound to the soil of Great Britain its largest proprietors and its hereditary legislators.

And here we cannot refrain from the insertion of a characteristic paragraph upon this particular point from the pen of the late highly gifted Sydney Smith. 'We really cannot believe,' says he, 'that all our rural mansions would be deserted, although no game was to be found in their neighbourhood. Some come into the country for health, some for quiet, for agriculture, for economy, from attachment to family estates, from love of retirement, from the necessity of keeping up provin-

cial interests, and from a vast variety of causes. Partridges and pheasants, though they form nine-tenths of human motives, still leave a small residue which may be classed under some other head. Neither are a great portion of those whom the love of shooting brings into the country, of the smallest value or importance to the county. A colonel of the guards, the second son just entered at Oxford, three diners out from Piccadilly, Major Rock, Lord John, Lord Charles, the colonel of the regiment quartered at the neighbouring town, two Irish peers and a German baron ; if all this honourable company proceed with fustian jackets, dog-whistles, and chemical inventions to a solemn destruction of pheasants, how is the country benefitted by their presence ? or how would earth, air, or sea, be injured by their annihilation ?

‘ There are certainly many valuable men brought into the country by a love of shooting, who coming there for that purpose are useful for many better purposes ; but a vast multitude of shooters are of no more service to the country than the ramrod which condenses the charge, or the barrel which contains it. We do not deny that the annihilation of the game laws would thin the aristocratical population of the country, but it would not thin that population so much as is contended ; and the loss of many of the persons so banished would be a good rather than a misfortune. At all events, we cannot at all comprehend the policy of alluring the better classes of society into the country by the temptation of petty tyranny and injustice, or of monopoly in sport. How absurd it would be to offer to the higher orders the exclusive use of peaches, nectarines, and apricots, as the premium of rustication—to put vast quantities of men into prison as apricot eaters, apricot buyers, and apricot sellers—to appoint a regular day for beginning to eat and another for leaving off—to have a lord of the manor for greengages—and to rage, with a penalty of five pounds, against the unqualified eater of the gage ! And yet the privilege of shooting a set of wild poultry is stated to be the bonus for the residence of country gentlemen. As far as this immense advantage can be obtained without the sacrifice of justice and reason, well and good—but we would not oppress any order of society, or violate right and wrong to obtain any population of squires, however dense. It is the grossest of all absurdities to say,—the present state of the law is absurd and unjust ; but it must not be altered, because the alteration would drive gentlemen out of the country ! If gentlemen cannot breathe fresh air without injustice, let them putrify in Cranborne-alley. Make just laws, and let squires live and die where they please.’

But what are we to say of Mr. Berkeley's incredible ignorance in attributing the protection of religious freedom to the sporting aristocracy of the country. Let the catholics report how far they are indebted to the tolerant and paternal spirit of the fox-hunting squirearchy ; and if they have fewer wrongs to complain of, we can only attribute that doubtful advantage to the closer proximity which the Anglican Church is daily making to the doctrines and practice of popery. With regard to dissenters, however, in rural districts, the bitter spirit of the landed aristocracy has long been too notorious to need exposure. Their malignant hostility, their exclusive dealing, their petty persecution, and their supercilious insolence, render them, for the most part, as far as dissenters are concerned, the nuisance of their neighbourhood. Why, what means the not unfrequent appendage, even to their advertisements for the letting of their estates, 'No dissenters need apply?' Whence arises the impossibility (and it is no uncommon case) of obtaining, in the village of a wealthy proprietor, the smallest and most useless plot of ground for the erection of a humble chapel, and the ruinous persecution of the 'village Hampden' who affords an apartment in his house as a substitute? And whence the refusal of the Duke of Buccleugh to sell the smallest plot of his waste land for the erection of even a shed in which the scattered members of a christian church may worship their God in peace, simplicity, and freedom? If the Honourable Mr. Berkeley is aware of these facts, we can only express our regret that his 'sporting' is not confined to the fields. If he is ignorant of them, he has commenced his career as a controversial author by many years too soon.

But our author's next position in demonstration of the advantage of the game laws is too amusing to be passed over. After laying down (p. 52) the truly comic principle, that the game monopoly is only a just set-off against the peculiar burdens of the land, he adds,—

' If the game laws existed no longer—observe the consequence—in every man's hand is placed a gun. If he trespasses, and refuses to desist, you may proceed against his liberty by the capture of his person, as you may do now, for, of course, there will still be a law for the protection of the privacy of property.

' Where there is one conflict now between men with fire-arms there will be thousands, and in the same ratio so many increased chances of the result in murder. Every old firelock and field-keeping musket will be brought into play, while at the same time the small proprietor and the hitherto certificated public will be giving up the amusement of shooting; the game on

places of their access being reduced to the small head indigenous to the soil not worth their seeking, but still just enough to induce the pursuit of the idle and demoralized. The gunsmith's trade is then affected; the demand for the expensive material being diminished, thousands of hands at Birmingham and other places lose their bread, and all for what? Simply because a cry has been raised against an old established law, founded as that law is on just and reasonable principles, by men who seek some public stalking horse on which to ride into notice; by men whose sect or personal inabilities do not lead them to enjoy the useful pleasures protected by that law; and by men who having suffered from just restrictions have imbibed a hatred to any similar restraint.'

Mr. Berkeley informs us in the course of his pamphlet, that at a certain period of his life (and for what we can guess to the contrary, this may be true of the larger portion of it) his chief companions were the country farmers of the neighbourhood. It may possibly be on their respectable authority that he affirms, that if the game-laws were abolished, 'a gun would be placed in every man's hand.' On this subject we are happily able to relieve his mind. We can assure him, for example, that among the many objects of religious zeal, the destruction of game is not to be reckoned. We question whether the evangelical clergy will give him any trouble in his nocturnal expeditions. The great body of the quakers are not so keen after grouse as Mr. Berkley may suppose. He will not, we take it, be called upon to administer the grand remedial 'punch on the head' to many dissenting ministers, nor is he likely to capture straggling Moravians knee deep in water after snipes. Indeed, we are sure that the honourable gentleman will take our word, when we affirm that the number of persons excluded from our religious communities for poaching is *very inconsiderable*.

Our author's sporting friends seem moreover to have been lamentably slow in communicating to him the result of their studies in political economy. We feel justified therefore in assuring him *ex cathedra* that if, according to his hypothesis, every individual in the British dominions were to carry a gun, the trade of the Birmingham gunsmiths would by no means suffer by the change. If our author's opinion to the contrary prevails extensively among his class, a fine opportunity is afforded to some starving operative, of turning a honest penny by the publication of a treatise, which might be entitled, 'Early Lessons on Political Economy, for the use of Country Gentlemen.'

To Mr. Berkeley's last statement, which represents one class of his opponents as men who, having suffered from just restrictions, have imbibed a hatred to any similar restraint, we

find an amusing parallel passage at page 21, where, speaking of the opponents of the game-laws in the daily papers, he adds, 'most of whom, if not all, have, in all probability, suffered from punishment rightly inflicted by the laws they are for that reason so sedulous to condemn.' We hardly know whether it would be more candid to ascribe these passages to the unfairness of partisanship or to supernatural ignorance. They will probably suggest to the mind of the reader some rather grotesque images: such, for example, as that of Sydney Smith and the honourable member for Durham, working side by side in the hulks, with their hair cropped to pattern; or of Dr. Bowring and the Editor of the *Times*, cheek by jowl in the stocks. Indeed, if the success of Mr. Berkeley's maiden attempt should encourage him to defend some other system of monopoly and wrong on the same principle, we may expect the gratifying information, that the public conduct of Dr. Wardlaw on the church question, of Earl Fitzwilliam on the corn-laws, and of Mr. Sturge on the subject of war, is to be accounted for by the fact that the first had had his nose slit for holding forth in a conventicle; that the second had been transported for a desperate affray with the coast guard; and that the third had lost both his legs at the siege of Salamanca.

The last, and (if comparison in such a case is allowable) the worst defence of the protection of game, which Mr. Berkeley attempts, is that that system is not injurious to the farmer. We imagine that our author must at some time have learned by experience the danger of proving too much, and he has certainly made good use of the lesson in citing from the Aylesbury *News*, the statement of a writer subscribing himself a tenant farmer, which is expressed in the following words:— 'A farmer may keep a hundred sheep with less expence than a hundred hares.' But the honorable gentleman attempts something more than a refutation of this certainly exaggerated statement, and in doing so unfortunately falls into a greater extravagance. He adduces the case of a man who, by the way, had 'rented under his family all his life,' and who declared shortly before his death (probably shortly after the failure of his recollection) that though he had been in the constant habit of making complaints against the game, on account of the allowances made him, he held himself a considerable gainer instead of loser by the hare and pheasant.

It would be easy to multiply instances supplied by the daily press, in proof of the almost incredible injury inflicted upon the farmer by the protection, and consequent increase of the breed of game. But on this subject it is due to Mr. Bright, the highly respected member for Durham, rather to direct attention

to the facts and principles brought forward in his late masterly address to the House of Commons, in moving for a select committee to enquire into the operation of the Game Laws.

We have long observed with great admiration the straightforward and dauntless career of Mr. Bright, in connection with the free trade agitation both within and without the walls of Parliament. In the honest devotion of his great talents to the cause which he has more particularly espoused, we find something which nearly approximates to a justification of his neglect of some other topics, which we deem more important than even free trade, and, even philosophically speaking, first in order in the catalogue of legislative reforms. Mr. Bright has, however, won our admiration by a public aggression against another enormous evil, beside his grand object it is true, but not so far beside it as to excite our jealousy or damage his consistency. Had Mr. Bright addressed himself either to wrangling on the currency question, or to fisticuffs with poor Colonel Sibthorp about railways, we should have been painfully disappointed, that his efforts should have withheld from the question of questions, the reform of the representative system. The operation of the Game Laws, however, is so nearly connected, as an aggravation, with the ravaging mischiefs of the Corn Laws, that, as we have said, his appearance in that field need excite no jealousy in the minds of Parliamentary reformers, and reflects in no way on his own consistency.

Mr. Bright's address to the House on his motion for a committee to enquire into the tendency of the Game Laws, was a masterpiece of business-talent, research, and statesman-like skill. It was listened to with marked attention, and complimented with repeated and general cheering from all parts of the House. But, stranger still, it drew forth the blandest compliments from the ministry, and especially from Sir James Graham. Thus has it ever been throughout the annals of despotism, whether bearing the name of priestcraft in religion, or of toryism in politics. Whenever he has to deal with a man whose integrity is impregnable, and whose moral courage is such as not to be abashed by the coarseness of vituperation, and the insolence of scorn, the thorough-bred tory, unlike the thorough-bred dog, 'runs cunning,' and seeks to wheedle through some possible weakness, the man whom he has neither the power to daunt, nor the wealth to buy.

In the case of Mr. Bright, however, the last man who should have been selected on this forlorn hope, was Sir James Graham — the unblushing apostate — the government spy. Surely the ministry could not suppose that their man of all work was so little known to Mr. Bright, that the

latter could mistake the slime of his compliments for that enamel with which rising merit is adorned by the praises of long tried and venerated virtue! Young as Mr. Bright is, he is too old a bird to be caught by the ministry, if Sir James Graham is the only disposable chaff they can offer him. Mr. Bright is not yet so nauseated with the honourable applause of his country, as to 'sate himself in that celestial bed,' and then 'prey on the garbage' of the treasury benches.

The honourable member for Durham has shown himself perfectly master of his subject. His statistical statements are of the most striking and convincing kind. One farmer has made out to him an account which shows a clear loss through the havoc occasioned by game, of no less than £204 per annum. He has brought forward instances in Buckinghamshire in which one fourth of the entire crops was consumed by this species of depredation. He adduces another case in Hampshire, in which a loss of £50 a year is annually incurred on the produce of a single field; and another, the case of a respectable farmer in Sterling, who, on a farm of 85 acres, suffers a loss of £50 annually by game; while another occupier in Cheshire, after stating that on one estate three hundred brace of rabbits are weekly destroyed, beside a large amount of hares, adds, 'it is computed that two hares will eat as much as one sheep.' While in Sussex, a gentlemen, whose name was mentioned, makes the following statement:—'I have divided my land into the most damaged side, and the best side. On the best side about  $18\frac{1}{4}$  acres produced 327 bushels; whilst on the other side about fourteen acres and three roods produced only 53 bushels. The damage computed by a competent valuer is £129 11s., for which I have not received one farthing compensation. Mr. Bright further states that he has not adduced one in a hundred of the cases on which he has written incontestable evidence, the whole of which he is prepared to produce before the committee for which he moved.

The honourable member has further detailed the immense proportion of criminal prosecutions which has reference to offences against the game laws, proving from unquestionable returns that the convictions for these particular offences in the year 1843 amounted to no less frightful a number than 4,529, and exposes, with great boldness, the horribly unjust and tyrannical conduct of game-preserving and clerical magistrates, under these laws.

Mr. Bright has only moved for a select committee, and he has obtained it. The willingness of the Government to accede to his request pretty clearly indicates their confidence of his defeat. It is now for Mr. Bright to fortify the high ground he has been

permitted to take, and either to compel the legislature to a tardy and reluctant act of humanity and justice, or else to convince the country that nominal investigations of the imperial parliament, like the trial by jury in Ireland, are 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.'

We have left ourselves no room to comment upon the literary character of the honourable Grantley Berkeley's pamphlet. It is inaccurate, and, indeed, illiterate to the last degree. Some of the sentences it contains are altogether false in construction, and only fit for the criticism of school boys. Thus, for example, he says (p. 70):—'Now there are two *ways* of ceasing to preserve game, either the one just stated, or *because* the proprietor, from some personal consideration, &c.' And again (p. 20): 'I do not mean to say that men have never been induced to poach through want, but I assert that it is very rarely the case. Men have thrust their hands through windows in the street that they might be sent to prison, instead of starve; *and the occurrence of one fact is about equal to the other.*'

Indeed the whole performance sets the critic and the poacher at about equal defiance. It will perhaps suffice to state, that within these few pages the word *surface* is fourteen times used as an *adjective*, and once as an *adverb*!

The late Mr. Sydney Smith, in one of his characteristic letters to the 'Morning Chronicle' confessed that while he had enjoyed the advantages of a brilliant classical education, he had never been taught to *write*. In reading the literary productions of our aristocracy, it is humiliating to observe how few of them can adopt the first admission, and how many must plead guilty to the second, in a sense far different from that intended by the writer.

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Art. VII.—1. *The 35th Geo. III., c. 21., entitled 'An Act for the better Education of Persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic Religion.'*

2. *The 40th Geo. III., c. 85, entitled 'An Act for the better Government of the Seminary established at Maynooth, for the Education of Persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic Religion, and for amending the Laws now in force respecting the said Seminary.'*
3. *The 48th Geo. III., c. 145, entitled 'An Act to amend two Acts passed in Ireland, for the better Education of Persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic Religion, and for the better Government of the Seminary Established at Maynooth for the Education of such Persons, so far as relates to the Purchase of Lands and compounding Suits.'*

THERE are some crises in the affairs of human society, the importance of which it is impossible to magnify or overrate; and

the position in which this nation is now placed, by the unexpected and astounding proposition of the Prime Minister, in reference to popery in Ireland, is one of precisely this character. The nation is suddenly called upon to choose between two rival systems of church establishment,—between a dominant protestant establishment, on the one hand, and what is in principle the establishment and endowment of all religions, on the other. As the advocates of a free and independent church, we protest against both of these systems; but if either be more opposed to scripture and right reason than the other, we hold it to be that which the nation is now called upon to adopt. We need, therefore, make no apology for entering at once upon the earnest investigation of this subject.

We view the proposition to increase the grant to the college at Maynooth, to the extent, it is supposed, of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, and to keep the buildings of that college in repair, under the superintendence of the Board of Works, as only part of a system, which must, in a short time, end in the endowment by the state of the Roman catholic church in Ireland. It seems that the tottering protestant establishment of that country must, if possible, be sustained; not for the benefit which it confers upon the community, nor for the truth which it inculcates, but that the tithes may be preserved, and the livings be maintained, for the benefit of the aristocracy, whose perquisites they are. The pretence of maintaining the Irish establishment, because it teaches the *truth*, is now virtually abandoned; for the legislature is called upon to provide means that the effect of that truth may be counteracted,—that priests may be multiplied and educated, and sent forth, to teach what our public formularies have designated as ‘damnable heresies.’ Let not the advocates of the Irish establishment henceforth say, that it is maintained for its apostolic doctrine, or its evangelical ministers; for the fact will be palpable henceforth, that not the *truth*, but the *tithes* are its stability,—not the gospel, but the livings, are its foundation. We have heard much of ‘political dissenters,’ in these modern days; we now know what a ‘political churchman’ is. A staunch supporter of the church as by law established, he cares but little about its doctrines; a protestant in name, he takes the haters of protestantism at home under his patronage, and abroad, abandons Tahiti to the Propaganda. Thank God! we have some few faithful to his truth, —so far, at least, as the latitudinarianism of our statesmen is concerned—even in the establishment; some who, with the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, are willing to declare, that ‘if the state cannot uphold principle, and the truth of God must be

maintained as second only, *it is best for the state to let all alone*; that, if the state feels itself incompetent to choose between truth and falsehood, *it would be best to leave all to themselves*; *but to support truth and falsehood at the same time is not wisdom, but presumptuous meddling with sacred things.*\* We have long laboured to convince the public, that for statesmen to take upon themselves to decide what is truth, and to impose that upon the nation, is a 'presumptuous meddling with sacred things'; and we rejoice to know that in the protestant dissenters of this kingdom,—the holders with us of this great cardinal doctrine,—we are likely now to find the great bulwark of protestantism. If this measure for reconciling the catholics to the continuance of the Irish establishment is to be defeated, we believe it must be mainly through the instrumentality of protestant dissenters; for they only possess the arms by which the battle can be fought and won. While other sects are struggling for domination, we are struggling for equality. While we assert the sole supremacy of the Great Head of the church, and vindicate his laws from the tampering of temporal authority, we assert for every man the same rights as we claim for ourselves. We ask for no exclusive privileges, for no state patronage; we demand nothing which we refuse to others. The independence of the church-of-state patronage and controul, is the only theory which reconciles obedience to the laws of Christ with civil liberty. For that independence we earnestly contend; and therefore, into this contest we can now enter as impartial, and disinterested arbitrators. As a body, we have nothing to lose by defeat, and nothing to gain by victory. We come forward with this simple view, to see justice done, both to the cause of God and to the liberties of our fellow countrymen. The catholics know that we have never sided with their oppressors, but have been companions with them in suffering under wrong: they know that we sympathized with them under their oppressions, and that we helped them to break off their chains.

It is now just twenty years since the deputation from the Catholic Association, on their visit to London, were hospitably entertained at the house of a leading protestant dissenter, and were supported by the body generally in their demand for the restoration of their constitutional liberties. When those rights were at length conceded, protestant dissenters did not begrudge them the boon; but rejoiced to see the laws administered in the spirit of the constitution. When

\* Speech delivered March 18th, at the meeting in Exeter Hall, to petition parliament against the increase of the grant to the College at Maynooth.

several catholics were added to Her Majesty's privy council, they held no meetings, they signed no memorials nor petitions, to deplore this act of liberality and justice. They have ever claimed for the catholics, and they will ever claim for all their countrymen a fair equality in the rights of citizenship. But they protest now, as they have ever protested, against being compelled to pay for the support of any man's religion. They would not be compelled to pay even for their own. They object to the endowment of truth, and it is only consistent for them, therefore, to object to the endowment of error. Let it not be imagined that, because protestant dissenters are just and liberal to catholics, they are therefore tolerant of popery, and would be willing to pay for its support. *They* know but little of the spirit and feeling of the body who entertain such an imagination. We confess we never thought that popery was any other thing than our fathers found it. A false liberality has rendered statesmen unable to distinguish between the duty of protecting men in the exercise of their religious liberties, and of endowing their religion with state emoluments. We say, let the state protect the catholics, and let them have full liberty to propagate their creed, but let them have no endowment. As soon as a religion becomes endowed, it acquires an artificial power. It matters not whether the endowment be a state endowment or a private endowment, the principle is the same, and the effect is similar. An endowed church makes the zeal and liberality of a past age auxiliary to its present support, when otherwise it would die away and become extinct.

It was a great error in protestant dissenters that they did not come forward, during the last session, and resist the passing of the 'Charitable Donations and Bequests Act.' That act contains the germ of a Roman catholic establishment, and its simple operation will, in a few years, make the catholic church of Ireland an endowed church. That step towards the establishment of popery in Ireland has been already taken, and it is now proposed to follow it up, by a large endowment of the college at Maynooth. Our readers are aware that for the past fifty years, an annual grant of from eight to ten thousand pounds has been voted by parliament towards the support of this college; but, in order that the policy of the grant may not come annually under consideration, as at present, Sir Robert Peel has given notice of his intention to make a permanent provision for the institution, by a Bill which he will lay before parliament immediately after the recess. We say at once that, in our opinion, not only ought no increase to be made to the existing grant, but that the grant ought henceforth to be entirely abandoned; and such we think will be the opinion of

the public generally, when once they are acquainted with the history, constitution, and objects of the seminary.

Previously to the year 1795, the whole body of the catholic clergy of Ireland received their education on the continent of Europe. At that time, there was no institution in Ireland for the education exclusively of persons professing the catholic religion; and, indeed, it was absolutely unlawful to endow a college for such a purpose, until the 35th, Geo. iii. c. 21 was passed. In the year 1793, Trinity College, Dublin, was thrown open to the Roman Catholics; but it does not appear that they were at all willing to avail themselves of that act of liberality, as a means of education for those of their body who were intended for the priestly office. Catholic priests, therefore, continued to be educated at Rome, Douay, St. Omers, and other places. It was stated by Sir John Newport, in the debate in the House of Commons, April the 29th, 1808, that previously to the French Revolution, *four hundred and seventy-eight* students were educated on the Continent\* for the catholic priesthood of Ireland; and of these, *four hundred and twenty-six* received gratuitous support; but it was remarked on the same occasion, by Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, from having been secretary for Ireland, was acquainted with these matters, that most of those persons received priest's orders before they went abroad, and that about *three hundred* of them supported themselves, by the exercise of their functions as priests. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, the education of the catholic priesthood naturally arrested the attention both of the catholic bishops, and of the government. The former viewed with concern the danger to their church which must result from the annual introduction of so many priests, imbued with sceptical opinions; and the latter saw with equal alarm the danger likely to flow from the introduction of foreign prejudices and republican opinions. In these circumstances the catholic bishops found the government ready to sanction the establishment of a college in Ireland for the education of their priesthood, a project to which Mr. Burke is said to have given the sanction of his high authority.

In 1793, a memorial was addressed to Mr. Pitt, signed by Dr. Troy, the then catholic archbishop of Dublin, Dr. O'Reilly, and other bishops, in which they begged for permission to found a college, and prayed for a charter, that their funds might be the better secured.† We believe that, at that time, no thought was entertained of the institution

\* Hansard v. xi. p. 89.

† Sir Arthur Wellesley. Hansard v. xi. p. 89.

being either established, or supported at the public expense. But the wily bishops suggested to the government, that, if the college were founded by themselves, it would be under popular controul; whereas, if the government were to found it, they would direct it for loyal and useful ends. At that time, Ireland was in a state of extreme excitement; the nation was panting after liberty, but saw no hope of the realization of their desires, but in separation from England, and the establishment of republican institutions. The catholic committee, the precursor of the catholic association, consisted, according to Dr. McNevin, of 'immoveable republicans.' Under these circumstances, the catholic bishops, true to the policy of Rome, appeared before the world as the apostles of loyalty. In 1793, they came forward with a voluntary declaration of loyalty, and, in the same year, Dr. Troy, catholic archbishop of Dublin, with Dr. O'Reilly, and three other bishops, issued an admonition to the catholics, recommending allegiance to the king. In addition to these two manifestoes, Dr. Troy issued an address to the 'Defenders,' conjuring them to dissolve. They accordingly did dissolve, but only to pass into the deeper conspiracy of the 'United Irishmen.' The English government, who knew nothing of the secret movements of Dr. Troy were delighted, and looked upon him as the most loyal of men; and thinking that they had gained the bishops to the side of loyalty and British connection, gave their consent to the establishment of the college. In 1795, Dr. Hussey, whom Mr. Pitt had made his channel of communication with the catholic bishops, was sent over to Ireland, as Dr. McNevin says, 'to organise and frame the plan of education at Maynooth;' and we find, from an entry in the journals of the Irish House of Commons, (April 28th, 1795) that Mr. Thomas Hussey was ordered to attend the committee of the whole house, to whose consideration the bill for the establishment of the catholic college had been referred. This Dr. Hussey was so much trusted by Mr. Pitt that he was made the *first president* of Maynooth; but how worthy he was of that confidence, was amply proved by his conduct afterwards, by which he gave a notable warning to those ministers who seek to purchase loyalty by bribes. The establishment of Maynooth was intended as a bribe to secure the loyalty of the priests; and the increased grant now proposed by Sir Robert Peel, is designed for the same purpose; and we have no doubt will meet with a like return.

The first notice of the proposed Bill in the journals of the Irish House of Commons, is the following:—

‘ April 23rd, 1795.

‘ Ordered, that leave be given to bring in a bill for applying the sum of *ten thousand pounds*, granted to His Majesty, or part thereof, for establishing a college for the better education of persons professing the popish or Roman catholic religion, *and intended for the clerical ministry thereof*; and that the Right Honourable Mr. Secretary Pelham, and the honourable Mr. Stuart, do prepare and bring in the same.’

Upon this we remark, that the first motion of the legislature upon this subject was, to apply *ten thousand pounds* of the public money for establishing this college; and that the order given by the House was for the introduction of a Bill for the better education, not of laymen, but of priests. After the Bill had been read a second time, a petition of His Majesty’s catholic subjects of Ireland, whose names are thereunto subscribed on behalf of themselves and others, was presented to the House and read; setting forth \* that they object to the appointment of trustees to regulate the course of studies,—that *that* should rest with the ‘Caput of the college itself, consisting of the principal and fellows,’—that *they* were likely to be most attentive, and most competent, and were most interested in the reputation and success of the college,—that in the university of Dublin candidates for fellowships were examined in public during four days—that the sizars also were elected after a public examination, at which all persons who presented themselves might be examined,—that these regulations were much to the honour of the Irish university, and ‘do very much promote and encourage learning, industry, piety, and good morals,’—that, by the bill, not only professors, but students were to be appointed by the trustees, without any examination being required,—that this would open a door for patronage and influence among the trustees, and for canvassing and caballing among candidates, which must prove injurious to the college,—that they also objected to the exclusion of protestants, and the sons of protestants from the college—that the youth of both religions might with advantage be instructed in the classics, &c., in the same institution, and afterwards live in peace and amity —that by a recent act of liberality on the part of the legislature, catholics and protestants were educated together in the university of Dublin—that they had hoped that the principle of separation and exclusion had been removed for ever, but that they feared that that principle was now likely to be revived and re-enacted.

The petition, of which we have stated the substance, was referred to the committee on the bill, but no alteration in it appears

\* We give only the substance of the petition.

to have been made in consequence. The two chief objections of the catholics were to the exclusion of protestants, and the sons of protestants, from the college, and to the vesting the governing power in a body of trustees, appointed in the first instance under the Act itself. The former objection was not likely to have much effect on the protestant aristocracy of Ireland, who would not wish their sons to enjoy the privilege of a Maynooth education; and the latter was overcome by the appointment of a clear majority of catholic doctors in divinity as trustees, in addition to several catholic laymen.

After the house had been in committee on the Bill, notice was taken that its title differed from the leave given by the house for bringing in the same, the words of the order, '*and intended for the clerical ministry thereof*', being omitted. The Bill was in effect, therefore, a Bill for the better education of persons professing the Roman catholic religion, without reference to their being intended for the priestly office, or not; and this appears to have been the altered intention of the government. Leave was, therefore, given that the said Bill should be withdrawn; the order of the 23rd of April, above quoted, was discharged; and a new Bill, with the same title as the former one, was immediately introduced, and read the first and second time, and committed, on the same day, the 30th of April.

Whether or not the Bill originally introduced contained any money clause, we are unable to say, but the Bill now before the house does not appear to have contained any clause applying the public money in aid of the establishment of the college. This is proved by the following entry in the journals of the house:—

‘ May 6, 1795.

‘ *Ordered*, That the committee of the whole house, to whom it is referred to take into consideration, a Bill for the Better Education of Persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic Religion, be empowered to receive a clause for applying the sum of £8,000 (being part of £2,449,600 16s. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. granted to His Majesty this session of parliament) for the purposes of education.’

The Bill, so amended, passed both houses, without a division; and, on the 5th of June, 1795, good King George the Third, who would have laid down his crown rather than grant his catholic subjects the enjoyment of their civil rights, gave his assent to a Bill, the object of which was, to keep up a constant supply of two thousand priests to teach the doctrines, which, in his coronation oath, he declared to be ‘superstitious and idolatrous.’

Under this Act the College at Maynooth was established; and it is still in force, as well as two other statutes which have

been passed for the better government of the said college. But in order that we may show the more clearly the nature of the obligations which the legislature has undertaken, in the case of this institution, we shall now give a brief digest of these enactments, the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article: and we confidently believe we shall be able to demonstrate that, consistently with a due regard to the public faith, that institution may now be left entirely to its own resources.

We shall take the first of these acts, under which the college was established, as our basis; and append to its several clauses those changes which the subsequent statutes have introduced.

The preamble to this Act (25th Geo. III. c. 21) is as follows;—  
'Whereas by the laws now in force in this kingdom, it is not lawful to endow any college or seminary for the education exclusively of persons professing the Roman catholic religion, and it is now become expedient that a seminary should be established for that purpose.' It then proceeds to enact, that the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in Ireland, for the time being, together with the Earl of Fingall, Viscount Gormanstown, Viscount Kenmare, Sir Ed. Bellew, Bart., Richard Strange, Esq., Sir Thomas French, Bart., and eleven reverend 'doctors in divinity,' (O'Reilly, Troy, Bray, Egan, Plunkett, Mac Davett, Moylan, Tehan, Delany, French, and Hussey,) 'and the persons to be hereafter elected, as by this Act is directed, shall be trustees for the purpose of establishing, endowing, and maintaining one academy, for the education only of persons professing the Roman catholic religion; and that the said trustees shall have full power and authority to receive subscriptions and donations to enable them to establish and endow an academy for the education of persons professing the Roman catholic religion, and to purchase and acquire lands, not exceeding the annual value of one thousand pounds, and to erect and maintain all such buildings as may be by the said trustees deemed necessary for the lodging and accommodation of the president, masters, professors, fellows, and students, who shall from time to time be admitted into, or reside in, such academy.' (By the statute, 40th Geo. III. c. 85, entitled 'An Act for the Better Government of the Seminary established at Maynooth, for the Education of Persons professing the Roman Catholic Religion, and for amending the Laws now in force respecting the said Seminary,' it is enacted (sect. 4) that the judges shall cease to be trustees, but that the other trustees, with their successors, shall continue trustees for the execution of the Act; and by the 48th Geo. III. c. 145,

s. 4, it is enacted that it shall be lawful 'for the trustees for the time being of the said college or academy, or any seven or more of them, to purchase and acquire lands, not exceeding in value the annual sum of one thousand pounds, exclusive of the value of the lands and premises held under the before-mentioned lease, from William Robert, late Duke of Leinster, and the buildings erected thereon, or hereafter to be erected, and used for the purposes of the said college or academy.'

Sect. 2. enacts, That any popish ecclesiastic may officiate in a chapel or building to be appointed for that purpose by any seven or more of the trustees.

Sect. 3. enacts, 'That it shall and may be lawful for any seven or more of the trustees to appoint one president, and so many masters, fellows, professors, and scholars on the foundation, and ministers, servants and assistants of, and in the said academy, with such pensions, salaries, exhibitions, wages and allowances, as to them shall seem fit; and also to make such bye-laws, rules, regulations and statutes, for the government of the said academy, and for the education and government of all persons to be on the foundation thereof, or to be educated therein, and for the appointment and election of a president, masters, fellows, members and officers of the said academy, as to the trustees or any seven or more of them, shall seem meet; provided that the same shall not be contrary to law.'

Sect. 4. provides, That the bye-laws, &c., 'not affecting the exercise of the popish or Roman-catholic religion, and the religious discipline thereof,' shall be laid before the lord lieutenant, 'and shall be binding and valid,' unless disapproved by him within one month; and, by the 48th Geo. III., c. 85, s. 7, it is enacted, that all bye-laws, &c. to be hereafter made shall, in order to be valid, be approved by the Lord Lieutenant, and transcribed on parchment, signed by the president of the college and secretary of the trustees, and lodged in the office of the chief secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, and it is provided, that all such bye-laws *hereafter to be made* shall be valid, unless disapproved of within a month, 'and that until such disapprobation shall have been expressed, all such bye-laws, rules, regulations, and statutes *already made* shall be deemed valid and of full force.' By the 8th sect. it is enacted, that nothing in this Act is to extend to any bye-laws, &c. 'affecting the exercise of the Roman-catholic religion, or the doctrine or discipline, or worship thereof, within the said college or seminary.'

Sect. 5. enacts, that seven or more of the said trustees shall have 'the superintendance and visitatorial power over the said academy, and over all persons on the foundation, or educated therein.' But, by the 40th Geo. III., c. 85, s. 5, this power is

taken away from the trustees, and the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and their successors for the time being, in Ireland, together with the Earl of Fingall, Dr. O'Reilly and Dr. Troy are 'appointed visitors of the said college or seminary, with full visitatorial powers to superintend the same.' (s. 1.) By the 2nd sect. of the same statute, it is enacted, 'That the said visitors, or any three or more of them, shall once in every three years from the passing of this Act, visit the said college or seminary, and call before them the president, vice-president, professors, tutors, and all other members thereof, and the officers and servants of the said college or seminary, and diligently inquire into the government and management of the said college or seminary, and, if necessary, examine on oath every member thereof in all matters touching the management, government, and discipline of the same, or any violation of the statutes or ordinances which have been or shall be made for the admission of any member of the said college or seminary, or for the government and discipline of the same, and that the first visitation of the said college shall be held as aforesaid within twelve months after the passing of this Act.' The 3rd sect. enacts, that, in addition to the triennial visitations, the visitors shall make additional visitations whenever required by the warrant or order of the Lord Lieutenant; and provides 'that the authority of the said visitors shall not extend to or in any manner affect the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, or the religious doctrine or discipline thereof, within the said college or seminary, otherwise than as hereinafter is provided, and that in visiting the said college or seminary the said visitors shall judge and determine according to such bye-laws, rules, and regulations, as have been or shall be made for the government and discipline thereof, pursuant to the provisions of the said recited Act (40th Geo. III., c. 21) or of this Act respectively.' The 9th sect. enacts, 'That in all matters which relate to the exercise, doctrine, and discipline of the Roman-catholic religion, the visitatorial power over such college shall be exercised exclusively by such of the said visitors as are or shall be of the Roman-catholic religion, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper of the great seal, and of the three chief judges, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if they, or any of them, shall think proper to attend.' The 10th sect. enacts that, on the death of the Earl of Fingall, Dr. O'Reilly, or Dr. Troy, seven or more of the trustees shall, at their next meeting, elect a natural-born subject, being a Roman Catholic, as his successor; subject, however, to the approbation of the Lord

Lieutenant; 'so that there shall be a continual succession of these fit and proper persons professing the Roman-catholic religion, as visitors of the said college.'

The 6th sect. enacts, that the trustees shall assemble within a month after the passing of the Act, and make rules for their assembling in future; and that the acts of the majority of trustees 'so assembled at the said first meeting,' 'and of the trustees to be duly assembled at any future meeting,' 'shall be binding on, and be deemed the act of all the said trustees.'

The 7th sect. enacts, that any vacancies happening, by the death, removal, or resignation of a trustee, shall be filled up by the trustees electing a natural born subject to fill such vacancy.

The 8th sect. enacts, that no person shall act as a trustee, if he be a catholic, and that no person shall act as president, master, fellow, professor, teacher, tutor, or enjoy any place on the foundation, or be admitted into the college as a student, officer, or servant, until he shall have taken and subscribed the oath appointed by the 13th and 14th Geo. III., entitled, 'An Act to enable His Majesty's subjects, of whatever persuasion, to testify their allegiance to him.'

The 9th sect. enacts, 'that it shall not be lawful to receive into, or instruct in the said academy, any person professing the protestant religion, or whose father professed the protestant religion; and that any president, master, professor, or teacher, who shall instruct any person in the said academy, professing the protestant religion, shall remain liable to such pains and penalties, as he would have been liable to, before the passing of this Act.'

The 10th sect. enacts, 'that any sum or sums of money, not exceeding *eight thousand pounds*, part of the said sum of £2,449,600 16s. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. shall and may be issued and paid by the Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, or any three or more of them, *towards establishing the said academy*.'

The 11th sect. enacts, that sums issued on the said account shall be paid to the trustees, and accounted for before the commissioners of imprest accounts.

The 6th sect. of the 40th Geo. III. c. 85, enacts, that the president of the college shall be approved by the Lord Lieutenant, and shall publicly make and subscribe an oath in the High Court of Chancery, that he will faithfully execute his office, enforce the bye-laws, &c, 'and that he will bear faithful and true allegiance, and to his utmost endeavours inculcate the duties of faithful and true allegiance to His Majesty King George the Third and his successors, in every member of the said college, or seminary.'

The 11th sect. of the 40th Geo. III. c. 85, enacts, that the trustees may sue, and be sued, either at law or in equity, by and in the name of their secretary; and the 1st sect. of the 48th Geo. III. c. 145, enacts that it shall be lawful for the trustees 'to compromise and compound any suit or suits already commenced or hereafter to be commenced, relative to or concerning any property claimed by the said college or academy, or sought to be recovered from it,' on such terms as to them shall seem fit.

From this view of the law upon the subject, we think it will be evident to our readers, that the intention of the legislature was not permanently to maintain the college, but merely to legalise, and assist in its establishment. It was stated by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, in his place in Parliament, in the debate on the 29th of April, 1808, that '*When the Maynooth institution was first established, it was not intended that it should be maintained by the public purse. The memorial presented previously to the foundation of that establishment prayed for a charter, in order that their funds might be better secured.*'\* Accordingly, the 25th Geo. III. was passed, which rendered the endowment of the institution lawful; and appointed trustees 'for the purpose of establishing, endowing, and *maintaining*' it. The trustees were empowered 'to receive subscriptions and donations *to enable them* to establish and endow an academy,' 'and to purchase and acquire lands, not exceeding the annual value of one thousand pounds.' The entire government of the college was given up into the hands of twenty-one trustees, the majority of whom were catholic doctors in divinity, and most of them, we believe, were catholic bishops. The trustees were authorised to elect their own successors, with the single exception of the four judges; and, in the first instance, they were also the visitors of the college; whereas nothing can be more evident to our minds than that, if it had been intended that the college should be maintained at the public expense, the government would have retained the management in the hands of its own nominees. There can be no doubt that the legislature intended to assist in its establishment; and accordingly it granted in four years the sum of £35,000, to aid in the erection of the college; but as soon as a proposition was made for a grant, though only for one year, for the *maintenance* of the college, that proposition was rejected by the legislature.

We have seen already that the first grant was of the sum of eight thousand pounds '*towards establishing the said academy.*' In the succeeding year, 1797, the Irish House of

\* Hansard's Parliamentary Debates v. xi. p. 91.

Commons, came to the following resolution, in the committee of the whole house (See the Journals, 24th Feb.)

*'Resolved, that it is the opinion of this committee that a sum of £7000 be granted to the trustees appointed to carry into effect an Act passed last session for the Better Education of Persons professing the Popish or Roman-catholic Religion, to enable them to build a seminary to contain two hundred persons under certain regulations.'*

In the next year we find the following:—

*'25th Feb., 1797.*

*'Resolved, that it is the opinion of this committee, that a sum of £10,000 be given to the trustees appointed to carry into effect an Act passed in the session of 1775, for the Better Education of Persons professing the Popish, or Roman-catholic Religion, to enable them to complete the building of the catholic seminary at Maynooth, and for other purposes.'*

In 1798, the resolution adopted was:—

*'1 March, 1798.*

*'Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that a sum of £10,302. 5s. be given to the trustees appointed to carry into effect an Act passed in the thirty-fifth year of His present Majesty's reign, for the Better Education of Persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic Religion, to enable them to complete the building of the catholic seminary at Maynooth, and for other purposes.'*

Up to the year 1799, the grants appear to have been voted with a view to assist in the establishment of the college; but in that year we find the following record in the journals of the Irish House of Commons, which we print verbatim.

*'Feb. 16th 1799.*

*'A petition of the trustees appointed to carry into execution the Act of Parliament, entitled, 'An Act for the Better Education of Persons professing the Popish or Roman-catholic Religion,' was presented to the House and read, setting forth, that petitioners with profound gratitude acknowledge the munificent support granted them by the House, by which they have been enabled to give effect to the wise and liberal views of Parliament, in providing the necessary accommodation, and in every respect accomplishing the full establishment of the seminary, agreeably to the statements submitted to the House, that petitioners express their firm reliance on the benevolence of the House, and their strong hope that the institution entrusted to them, become now efficient, will be found to contribute to the general prosperity of the kingdom, by diffusing the blessings of morality and religion throughout a large portion of its inhabitants, among whom a more faithful attachment to government, and a more dutiful submission to the laws must be naturally looked for from the zealous exertions of instructors, who in the inculcation of these important duties must feel themselves urged by a strong impulse of gratitude to enforce and illustrate the general principles on which these duties are*

founded; that petitioners have prepared an estimate of the *annual expenses of the full establishment of the seminary, amounting to the sum of £8,000*; and therefore praying the House to enable them to provide the said sum of £8,000, in order to defray the expenses of the full establishment, from the 25th of March, 1799, to the 25th of March, 1800.'

The above petition was referred to a committee, who, on the 22d of February, reported the following resolutions:

'1. *Resolved*, that it appears to this committee, that a sum of £1,383 15s. 10d. remains in the hands of the trustees unexpended of the grant of the last session.

'2. *Resolved*, that it appears to this committee, that the sum of £6,616 4s. 2d., together with the said sum of £1,383 15s. 10d., amounting in the whole to the amount of £8,000, is necessary for defraying the expenses of the said seminary for one year, to the 25th of March, 1800.

'3. *Resolved*, that it is the opinion of this committee, *that the petitioners deserve the aid of parliament*'

In Committee of Supply, on the 25th of February, 1799, the House resolved 'that a sum not exceeding £6,616 4s. 2d. be granted to His Majesty towards defraying the charge of the full establishment of the Roman-catholic Seminary for one year, to the 25th of March, 1800.'

A Bill to carry out that resolution was brought in, and passed the House of Commons, on the 5th of April; but, on being taken up to the House of Lords, *it was thrown out, on the motion for going into committee, by a majority of twenty-five to one*; and, it appears beyond a doubt, that during that year the college obtained no assistance from parliament. Thus the matter stood till the year of the Union, when the following entry occurs in the journals;

‘ February 25th, 1800.

‘ *Resolved*, that it is the opinion of this committee, that a sum not exceeding £8,000, be granted to His Majesty towards defraying the charge of the full establishment of the Roman-catholic Seminary, for one year, to the 25th day of March, 1801.’

This is the first time the legislature made a grant for the maintenance of the college; and then only for one year. We confess, that in this vote we cannot see the solemn compact to maintain the college for ever, which has been appealed to so often. No engagement was entered into, no pledge was given, by the legislature, by which the national faith is pledged. There may have been a secret expression of the minister’s intention; but even this has not been proved. An individual may pledge his faith by words or looks, and the faith so pledged is as binding, in the court of conscience, as the

most solemn compact into which man can enter. But we maintain that the legislature can be bound only by its own acts; and they must be proved, not by hear-say evidence, not by rumour, but by the indisputable evidence of facts and public documents. Sir Robert Peel, in his speech, in the debate on the address at the opening of parliament, not only assumes that an engagement had been entered into by the Irish parliament to maintain the existing college, but he asserts that, 'You are but acting in accordance with the originally implied and honourable engagement of the Irish parliament, *if you supply increased means of education for the ecclesiastics of the Romish church.*' A monstrous proposition for which there is no foundation, in fact or reason. To argue further upon this point, we hold to be superfluous; but that our readers may have the entire argument of the Prime Minister before them, we print his statement at full length :

' I will frankly state, on the first day of the session, that it is our intention to propose to parliament a liberal increase of the vote for the College of Maynooth. When, in opposition, I resisted a motion which was made for the purpose of taking from the College of Maynooth the allowance now annually granted to it, I stated then, that it appeared to me that an *engagement* was entered into by a parliament, exclusively protestant, to provide domestic education for the ecclesiastics of the Roman-catholic church. I do not think that *engagement* was necessarily fulfilled by a mere continuance of that nominal vote. I think the *engagement* was to supply the want of ecclesiastical education, by the foundation of a college for giving spiritual education in that country. And if the population be increased, or if the means of foreign education be diminished, I think you are but acting in accordance with the originally implied and honourable *engagement* of the Irish parliament, *if you supply increased means of education for the ecclesiastics of the Romish church;* and I beg to state, with equal distinctness, that we do not propose to accompany that increased vote by any regulations in respect to the doctrines or discipline of the church of Rome that can diminish the grace or favour of the grant.'

We are compelled to break off here, but shall continue the subject in our next number; by which time, probably, the Bill for the permanent maintenance of the college will have been laid before parliament, and the whole plan of the government relative to academical education in Ireland will have been developed. In the meantime, we earnestly implore our readers to be alive to the importance, the solemn and weighty importance, of this question. It is an unusual, an eventful crisis, at which we have arrived. The advocates of the national establishment have found that the days are gone by, when Protestant Ascendancy can be maintained in a free and

enlightened empire. In Ireland, the establishment is a system, not built upon, but opposed to, facts. It is a prodigious anomaly, like the gilded image of a despot in the temple of liberty. We assert it as our firm belief that the episcopal church of England and of Ireland, will consent to this unholy alliance with the church of Rome; and that the clergy of that united church, with comparatively a few noble exceptions, will not even protest against it. So feeble is her reliance on heaven, and so enamoured is she with the smiles and honours of earth, that she will consent, now that she can no longer maintain her exclusive possession of power, to share it with her ancient rival, whom she has frequently designated the Mother of Abominations.

In the meantime it is for dissenters to vindicate the truth, by an open, fearless and enlightened opposition to the measure contemplated. Our reliance, under God, is on them. Other auxiliaries will appear in the field, and they may possibly render some good service. But their position is so questionable, their reasonings are so inconclusive and contradictory, the view they take of the matter is so one-sided, and their whole course so palpably open to the suspicion of other motives than are compatible with a simple-hearted devotion to the truth, that we cannot regard with complacency, or take part in, many things which they say or do. Against much that was recently uttered at Exeter Hall we feel bound to protest, and marvel that any nonconforming minister could consent to be heard in that meeting, without expressing in clear and decided terms his dissent from the views which were broached. We must take our own ground, deliberately and firmly take it, eschewing on the one hand the pseudo-liberalism of our politicians, and on the other hand the factious and more than doubtful zeal of the established church. The ground to be taken is well expressed in the resolutions of the Executive Committee of the *British Anti-State Church Society*, which will be found in our advertising pages, and we earnestly exhort our readers to be prompt, vigorous and determined in their measures. We have it in our power to defeat the measure. The question is, whether that power will be duly exercised. For a reply we wait the course of events, being now reluctantly compelled to close our remarks till next month.

## Brief Notice.

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*A Body of Divinity: wherein the Doctrines of the Christian Religion are explained and defended: being the substance of several Lectures on the Assembly's Larger Catechism.* By Thomas Ridgeley, D.D. A new edition, revised, corrected, and illustrated with Notes, by the Rev. John M. Wilson. In two volumes. pp. 647, 666. Glasgow. A. Fullarton & Co.

'Body of Divinity'—'Catechism'! We can fancy some of our readers surprised at the words, and looking up as if in expectation of the entrance of a ghost. These are things that belong rather to a past age than the present, and will be naturally left behind in the advancement of the church to her full perfection. Yet we are not prepared to condemn such things. They have their advantages as well as disadvantages. They may be used well by those who know how to use them. And to such, and while the church is in anything like its present state, we can safely and warmly recommend the volumes before us.

Dr. Ridgeley was a man of considerable note in his day. He became, in 1695, pastor of an Independent church, at the Three Cranes, near Thames Street, where he continued about forty years. In 1712, he succeeded Dr. Chauncy, who was the first tutor of the oldest Independent College in the kingdom, now known as Homerton College. He took a prominent and active part in the controversies occasioned by the revival of Arianism. To his zeal for orthodoxy, when assailed with no common vigour, we owe his 'Body of Divinity,' the substance of which was probably delivered to his theological pupils. It was well received, obtained flattering commendations, met with a rapid sale, and made its author Doctor of Divinity. We think the lectures fully entitled to the praise of Drs. Bogue and Bynnett,—'They display soundness of judgment, extensive learning, and an intimate acquaintance with the sacred oracles. That he was a Calvinist, when we have mentioned his connexions, need scarcely be told; but he differs, in several instances, from their commonly-received opinions, and discovers a freedom of thought which shows a man determined to explain the Scriptures for himself.'

The present edition is by far the most valuable that has been published. The pains taken by the editor are beyond all praise. He might have almost written a body of divinity with less trouble than he has expended on the getting up of this edition. We have, for the first time, a short Life of the author; more than a hundred notes, making a book of themselves, and written with judgment and shrewdness, and in a spirit of perfect independence; and innumerable alterations of a verbal character, required by the style of his author. We have, altogether, seldom seen an old work got up by publisher and editor in a more thoroughly respectable manner; and if, as some think, the taste for old divinity is increasing, we do not imagine the claim of Dr. Ridgeley can be denied, or will be neglected.

## Literary Intelligence.

### Just Published.

Biblical Cabinet. Commentary on the Psalms. By E. W. Hengstenberg, Dr. and Professor of Theology in Berlin. Vol. I. Translated by the Rev. P. Fairbairn, Minister at Salton; and the Rev. J. Thompson, A. M., Minister at Leith.

The Cottager's Sabbath, and other Poems. By John Hurrey.

The Law of Christ for maintaining and extending his Church. By the Rev. David Young, D.D., of Perth.

A complete Treatise of Practical Geometry and Mensuration, with numerous Exercises. By James Elliot. Key to ditto. By James Elliott.

Studies in English Poetry, with short Biographical Sketches and Notes, explanatory and critical, intended as a Text Book for the higher classes in Schools, and as an Introduction to the Study of English Literature. By Joseph Payne.

Self Inspection. By the Rev. Denis Kelly, M. A.

Sabbath Evening Readings. First Series. By the Rev. Denis Kelly, M. A.

The Diplomatic Correspondence of the Right Honourable Richard Hill, L.L.D., F.R.S., &c., &c., Envoy Extraordinary from the court of St. James to the Duke of Savoy, in the Reign of Queen Anne. From July 1703, to May 1706, supplemental to the History of Europe, and illustrative of the secret policy of some of the most distinguished Sovereigns and Statesmen, relative to the Spanish Succession; of the rights and liberties of the Vaudois, &c., &c. With autographs of many illustrious Individuals. Edited by the Rev. W. Blackley, B.A., Vols. 2.

Hebrew Dramas: founded on incidents of Bible History. By William Tennant, Professor of Oriental languages in the University of St. Andrews.

The Rationale of Religious Enquiry, or the question stated of reason, the bible, and the church; in six lectures. By James Martineau.

Impressions of America and the American Churches. From the Journal of the Rev. G. Lewis, one of the deputation of the Free Church of Scotland, to the United States.

The Complete Works of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, with a memoir of his life. By the Rev. Andrew Gunton Fuller. Parts 2 and 3.

A Family History of Christ's Universal Church. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, D.D. Part 3.

The Biblical Repository, and Classical Review. Edited by John Holmes Agnew.

The Kingdom of Christ not of this World. An Introductory Discourse delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. T. Davis, of Maidenhead. By John H. Godwin.

Cobbin's Child's Commentator on the Holy Scriptures. Part V.

Knight's Books of Reference. Political Dictionary. Part IV.

The Young Ladies' Reader; or, Extracts from Modern Authors. Adapted for Educational or Family use, &c. By Mrs. Ellis.

Bible Illustrations. A description of Manners and Customs peculiar to the East; especially explanatory of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. B. H. Draper. 4th Edition; Revised by John Kitto.

The Conchologist Text Book; embracing the arrangements of Le March, Linnæus, &c. 6th Edition. By Wm. Macgillivray.

Diary of Travels in France and Spain. Chiefly in the year 1844. By the Rev. Francis French. 2 Vols.

The Constitution of Apostolical Churches, or Outlines of Congregationalism: with two Addresses suited to the Times. By J. Spencer Pearsall.

The Modern Orator. The Speeches of the Earl of Chatham.

Impression of Australia Felix, during four years residence on that colony. Notes of a Voyage round the World. Australian Poems, &c. By Richard Howitt.